

NATIONAL

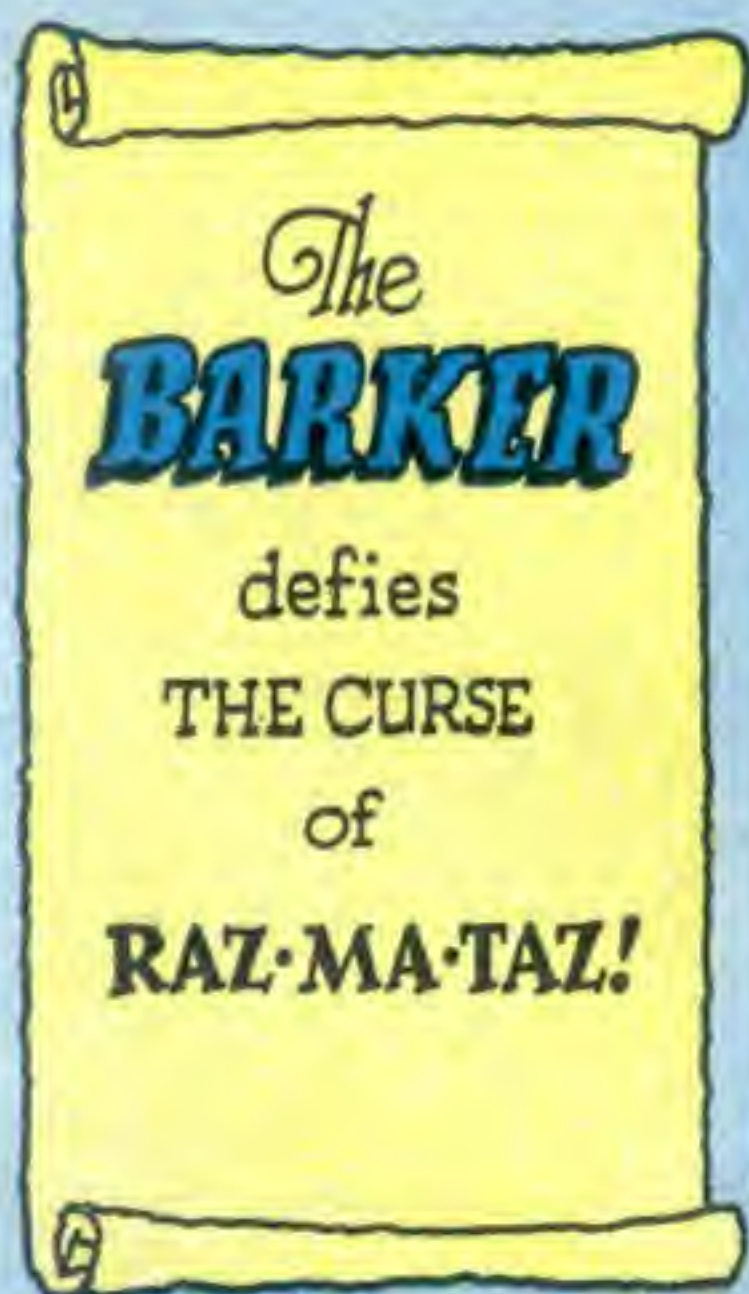
SM
★
6



JUNE No. 54

COMICS

10^c



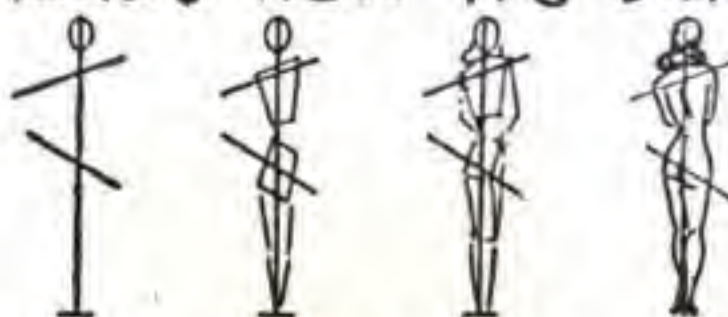
**WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM**



It's Fun to Draw

A COMPLETE SELF-INSTRUCTION COURSE AND REFERENCE BOOK
with over 1000 "How-to-do-it" SKETCHES AND DRAWINGS
9 Sections—a \$9 Value All for only \$1.00

HERE'S HOW IT'S DONE!



Anyone who has learned to write, can learn to draw! This helpful book removes the mysticism that has surrounded art. By reducing the elements of drawing to its simple steps, it teaches THE BEGINNER to draw, and then to advance into more and more difficult subjects.

As you can see from the above illustrations showing the 9 sections—this complete course covers 9 BRANCHES of practical Art. Each division is explained by a specialist. No previous knowledge on your part is expected. Within a few days you will be drawing with an ease and enjoyment you never thought possible. For the experienced and professional artist, it is a REFERENCE BOOK and veritable mine of information.

This book guides you from the first stroke on paper to selling the finished art work. Includes specific instruction, advice, tricks, time-savers, special effects, on: Still Life, Animals, Anatomy, Human Figure, Faces and Portraits, Lettering, Layouts, Cartoons, Animated Cartooning, advertising and Commercial Art, Illustrations for Newspapers, Magazines, Books, Designing Book Jackets, The Use of Color, etc. Teaches you by sketches, diagrams and instructions, how to draw—hands, feet, heads, bodies, ears, noses, mouths, eyes—in different positions, of different sexes and ages, and with different perspective. Shows you how to attain and indicate: action, proportion, balance, composition, shading, rhythm, symmetry: and how to express—laughter, anger, terror, grief, surprise and other emotions. Also, how to draw caricatures, cartoons and comic drawings. Also how to letter, with 37 complete Alphabets shown. Includes a glossary of Art Terms, Supplies, Types of Work, Mediums, etc. Completely and profusely illustrated with over ONE THOUSAND Instructive and Example, Drawings, Sketches and Pictures.

Ordinarily a course of this scope costs much more money, but to make it available to everyone seeking a practical knowledge and enjoyment of Art, we have disregarded costs, and precedents, and have established the special low price of ONLY \$1.00 FOR THE COMPLETE COURSE. NOTHING ELSE TO PAY!! It is, undoubtedly, the greatest bargain in the art world today!

ONLY
\$1

FOR THE
COMPLETE COURSE!
NOTHING ELSE TO PAY

OVER 1,000 SKETCHES AND DRAWINGS
It's Fun to Draw
COMPLETE BOOK OF ART INSTRUCTION AND REFERENCE
edited by ALAN D. ROGERS

EXAMINE IT FREE!

You take
absolutely no
risk—so mail
coupon NOW!

MAIL COUPON NOW!

KNICKERBOCKER PUB. CO. Dept. X1234
120 Greenwich St. New York 6, N. Y.
Rush me a copy of "IT'S FUN TO DRAW". If not delighted,
I may return book and get my money back.
☐ I enclose \$1.00 in full payment. Send postpaid.
☐ Send C.O.D. I will pay postman \$1.00 plus postage.

Name _____

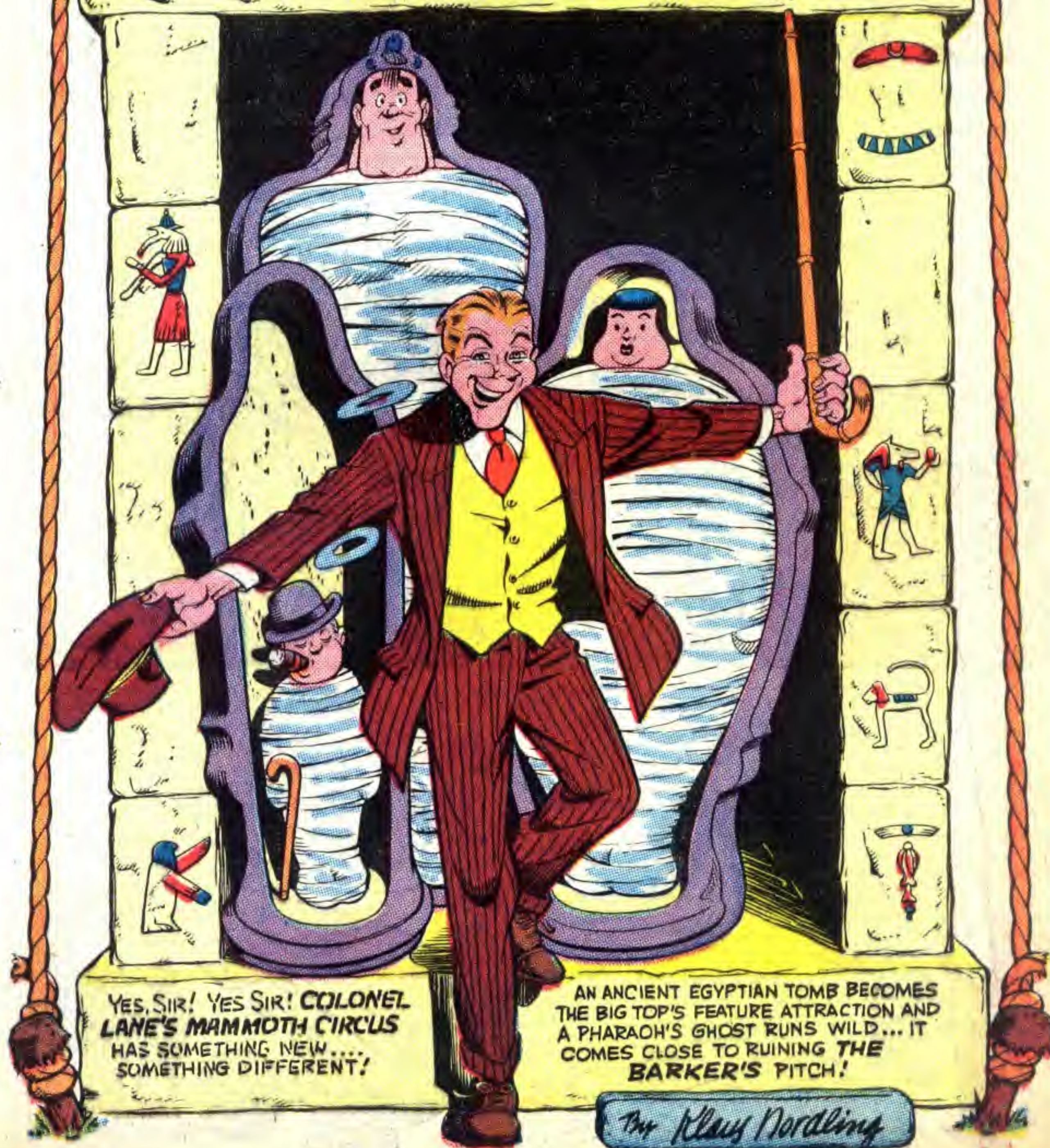
Address _____

City & State _____

Merely mail the coupon below. When your copy of It's Fun To Draw arrives—read and test it for 5 days. If, after this examination, it hasn't opened up new

paths of fun and artistic ability for you—return it, and it won't cost you a single penny. If you decide to keep it, the FULL PRICE is only \$1.00.

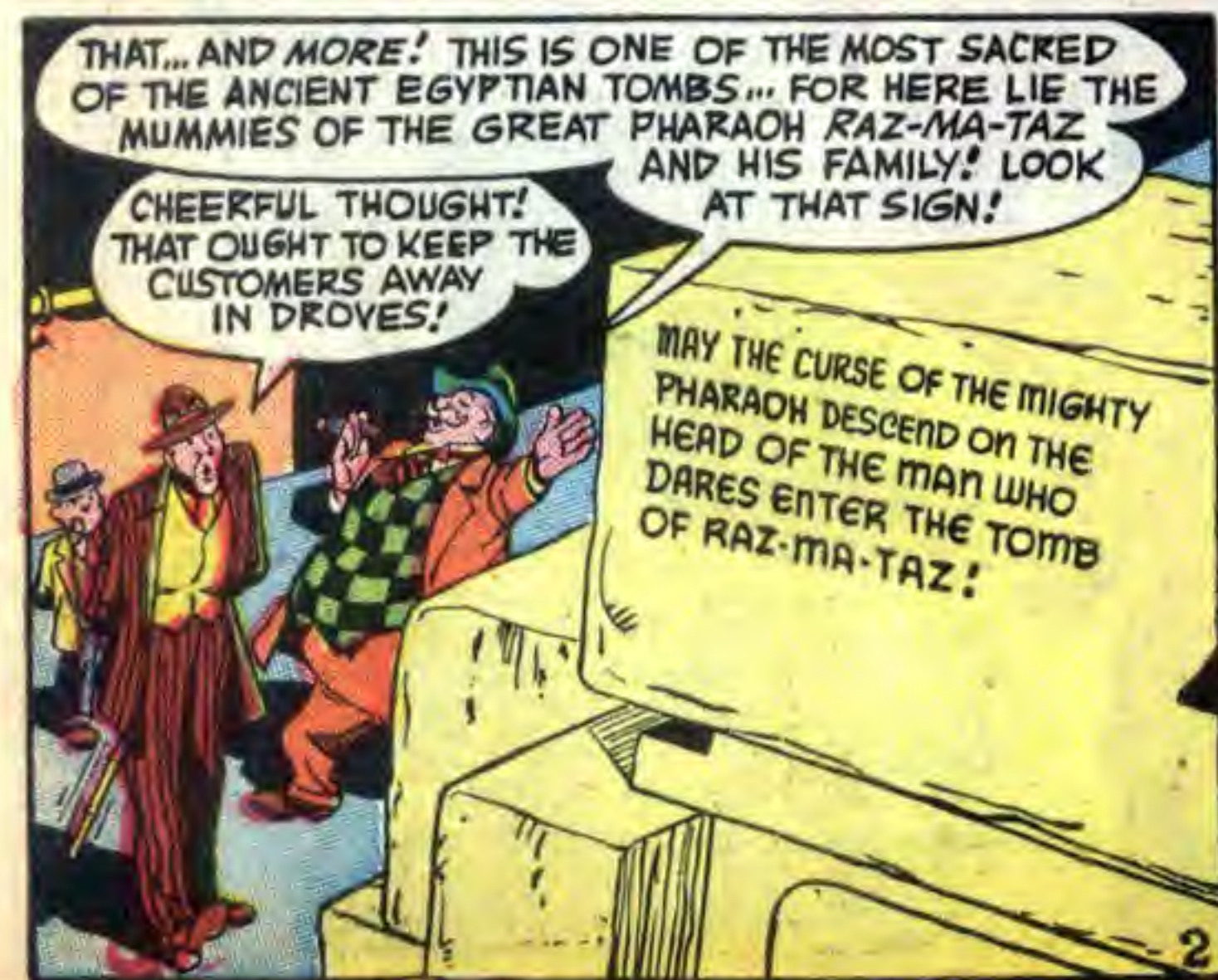
the BARKER

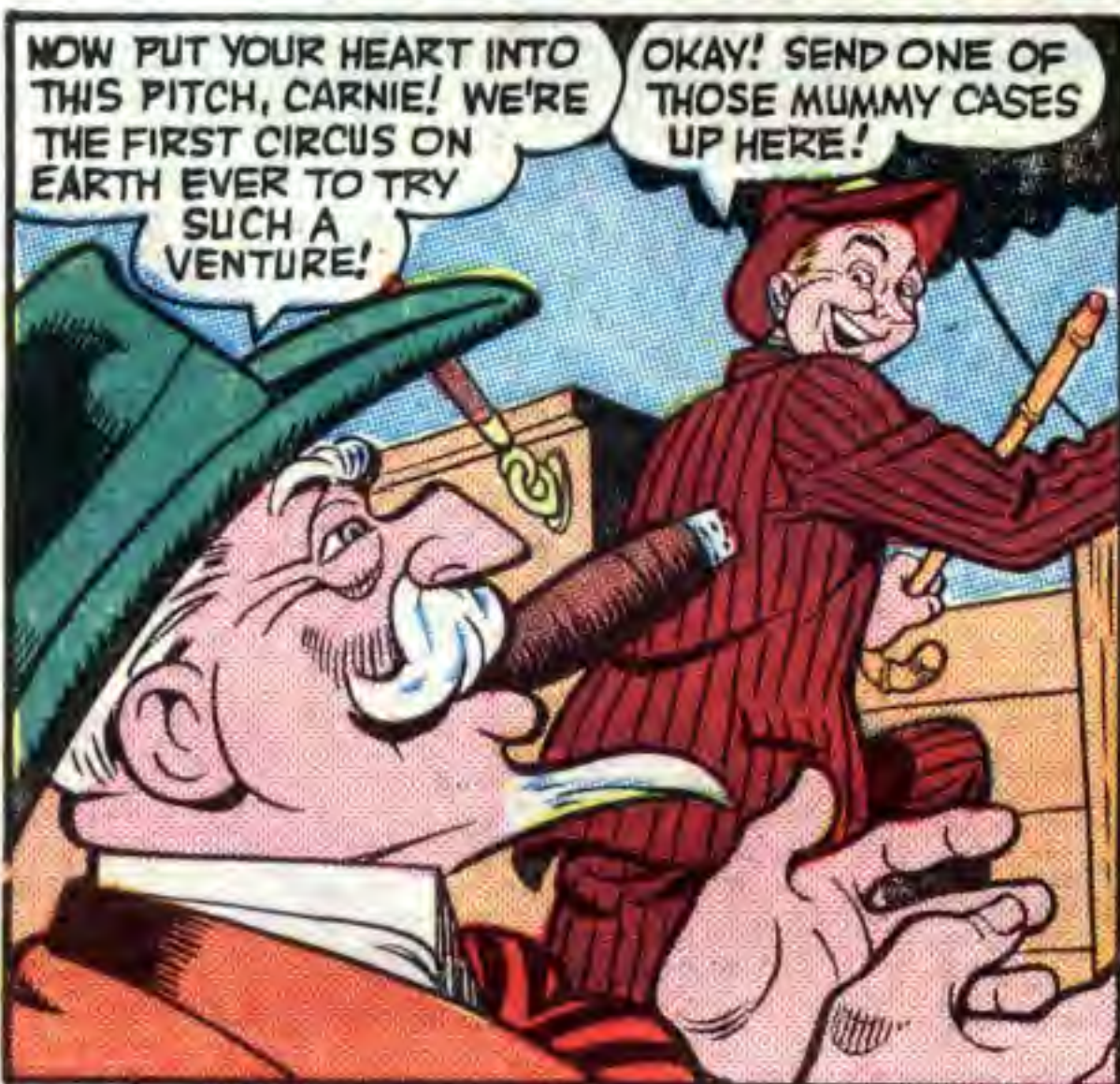


YES, SIR! YES SIR! COLONEL
LANE'S MAMMOTH CIRCUS
HAS SOMETHING NEW...
SOMETHING DIFFERENT!

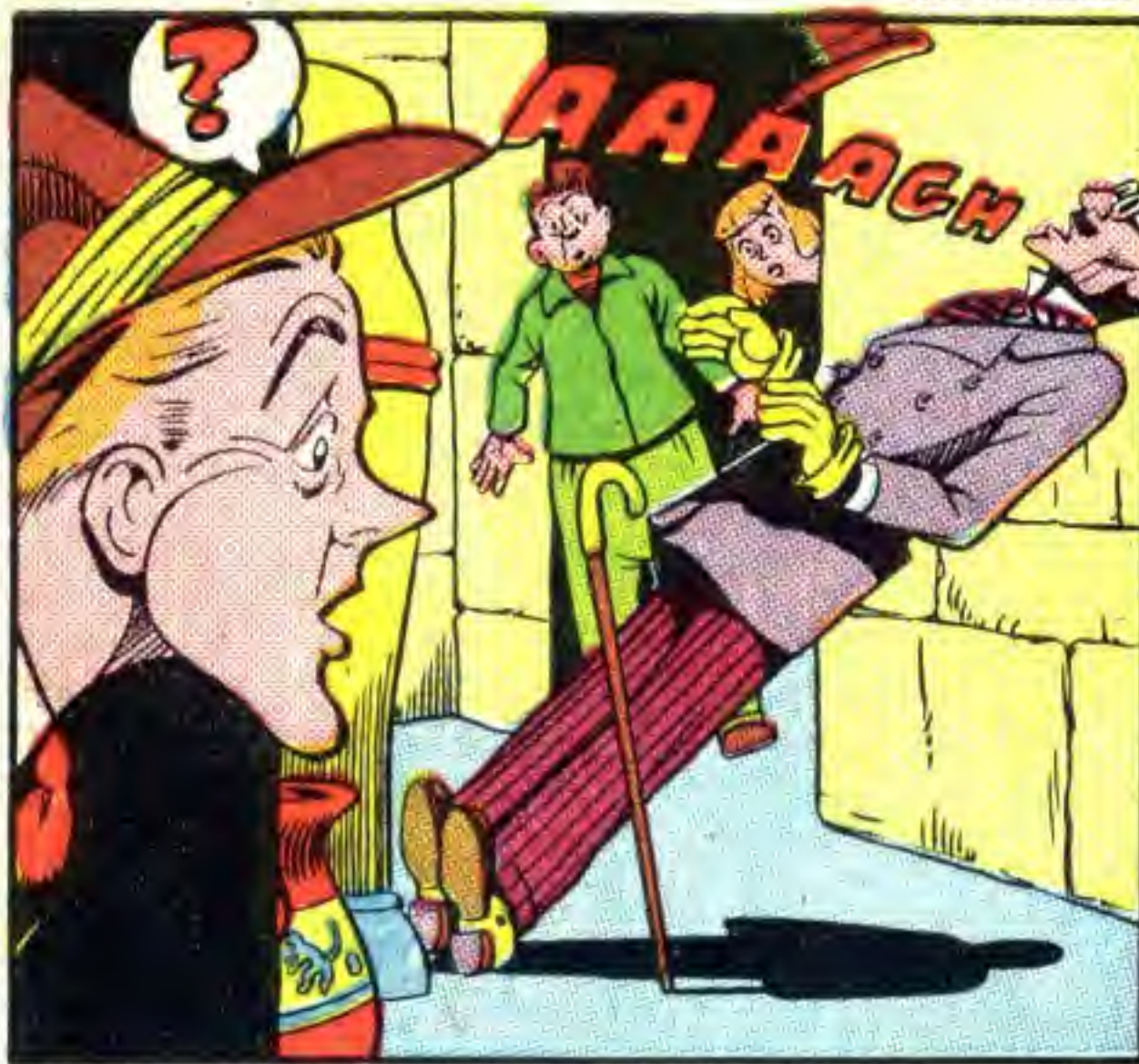
AN ANCIENT EGYPTIAN TOMB BECOMES
THE BIG TOP'S FEATURE ATTRACTION AND
A PHARAOH'S GHOST RUNS WILD... IT
COMES CLOSE TO RUINING THE
BARKER'S PITCH!

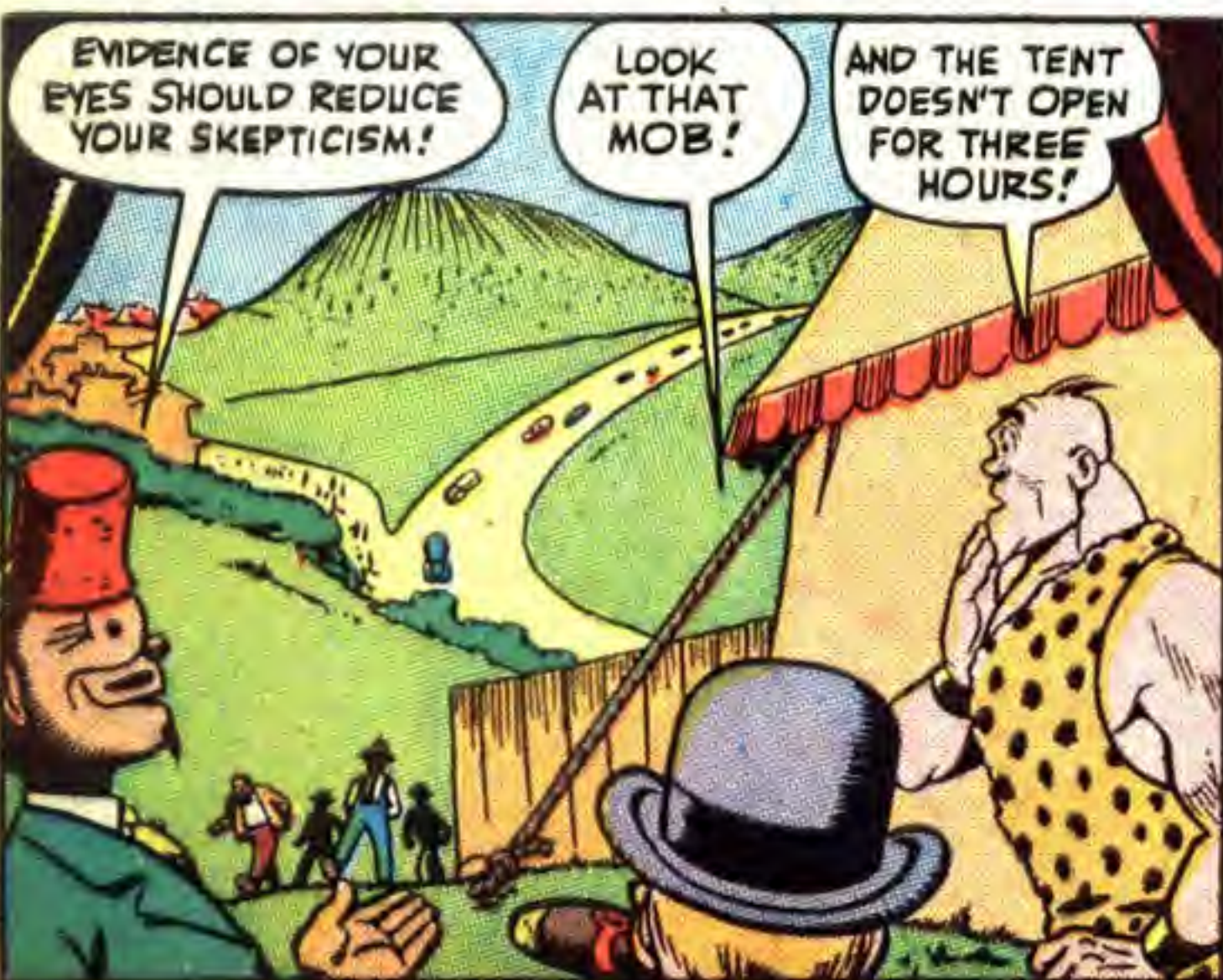
By Klaus Nordling

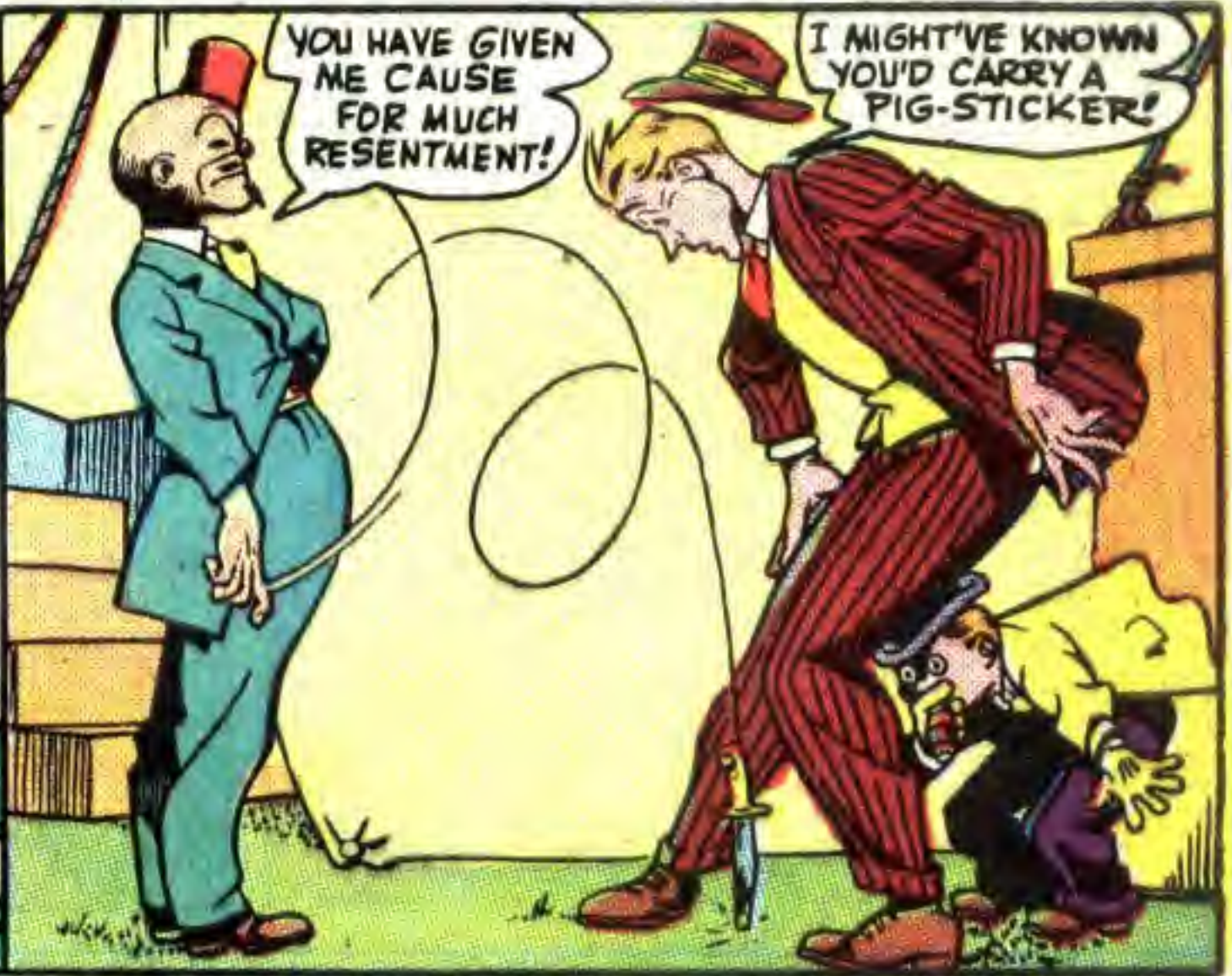


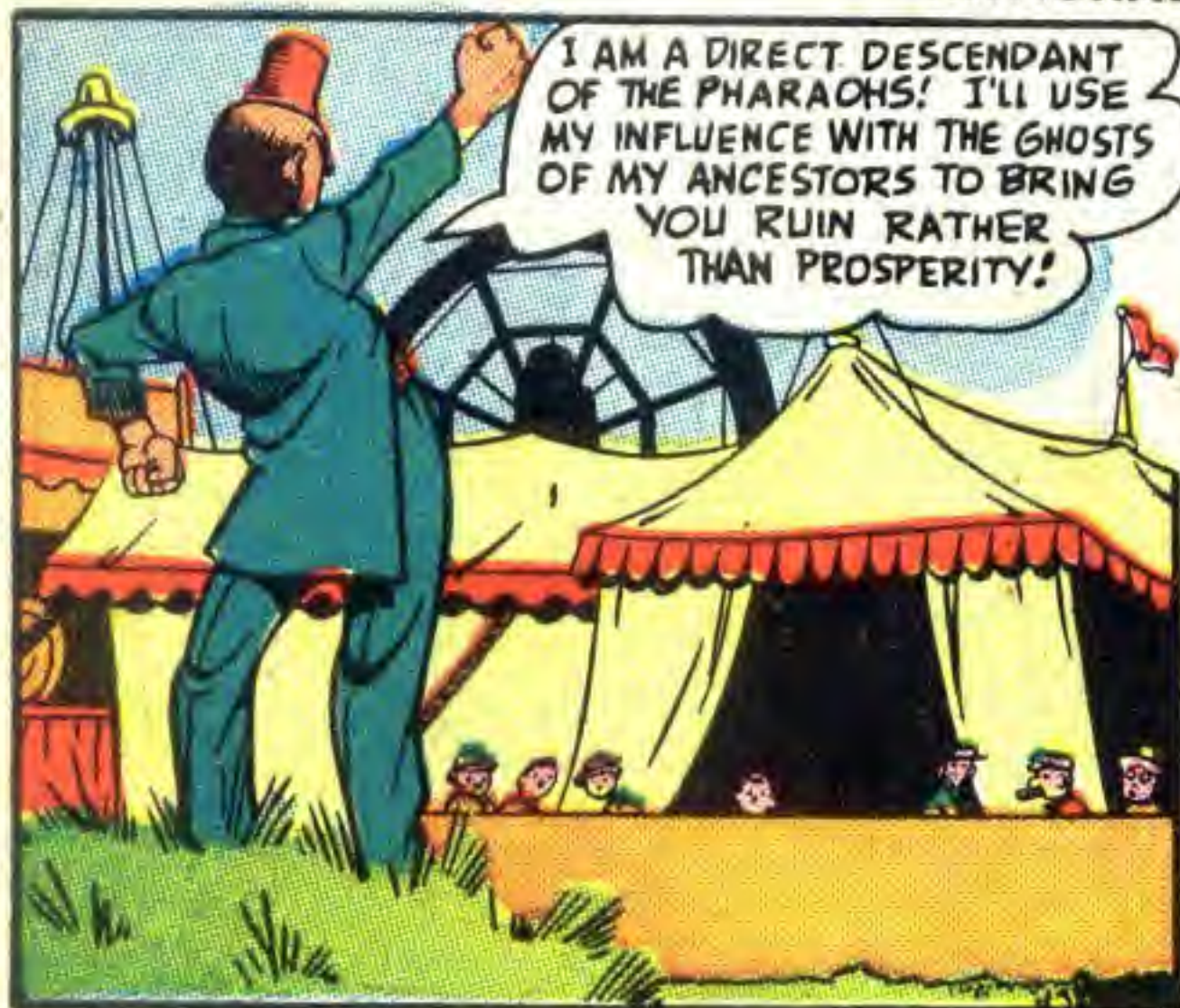


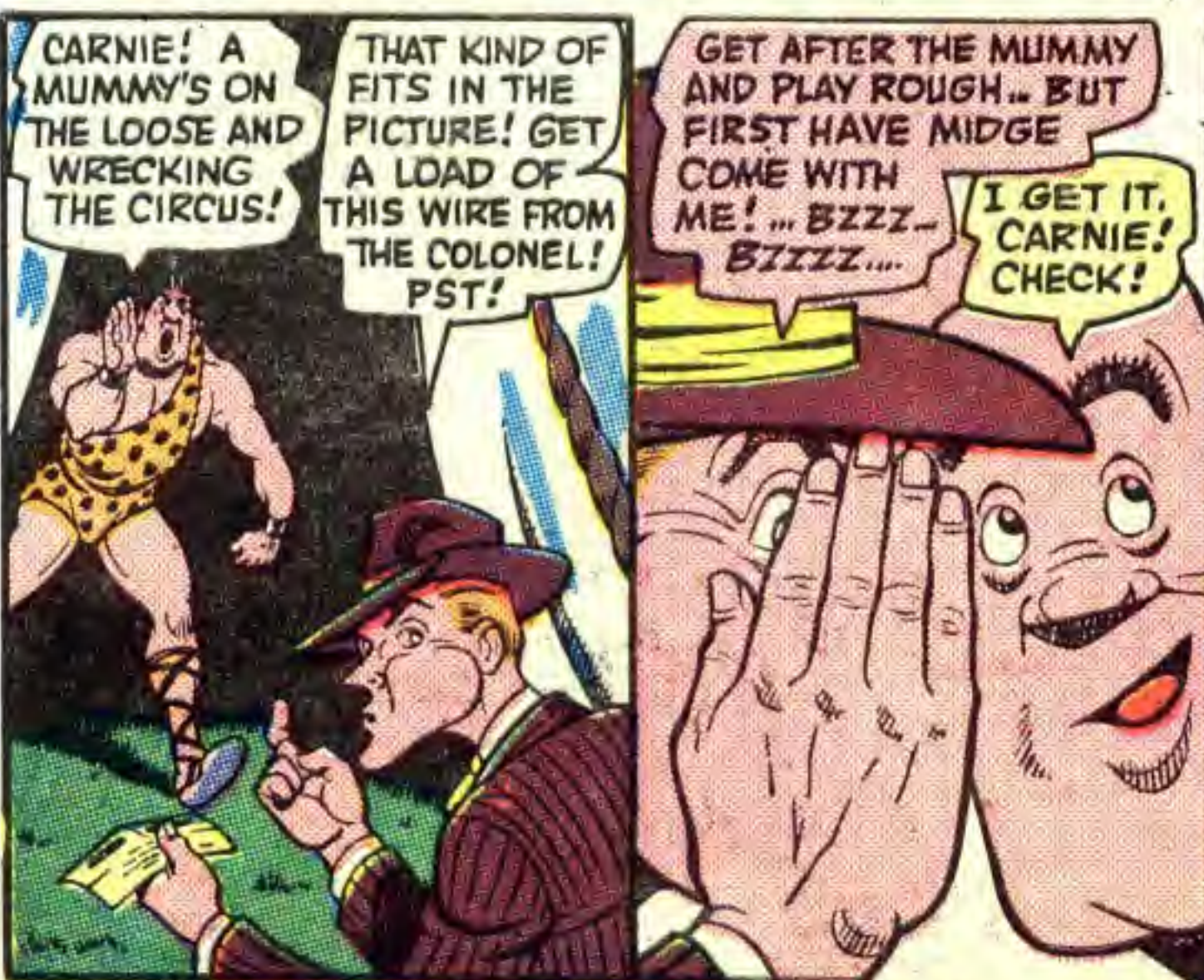
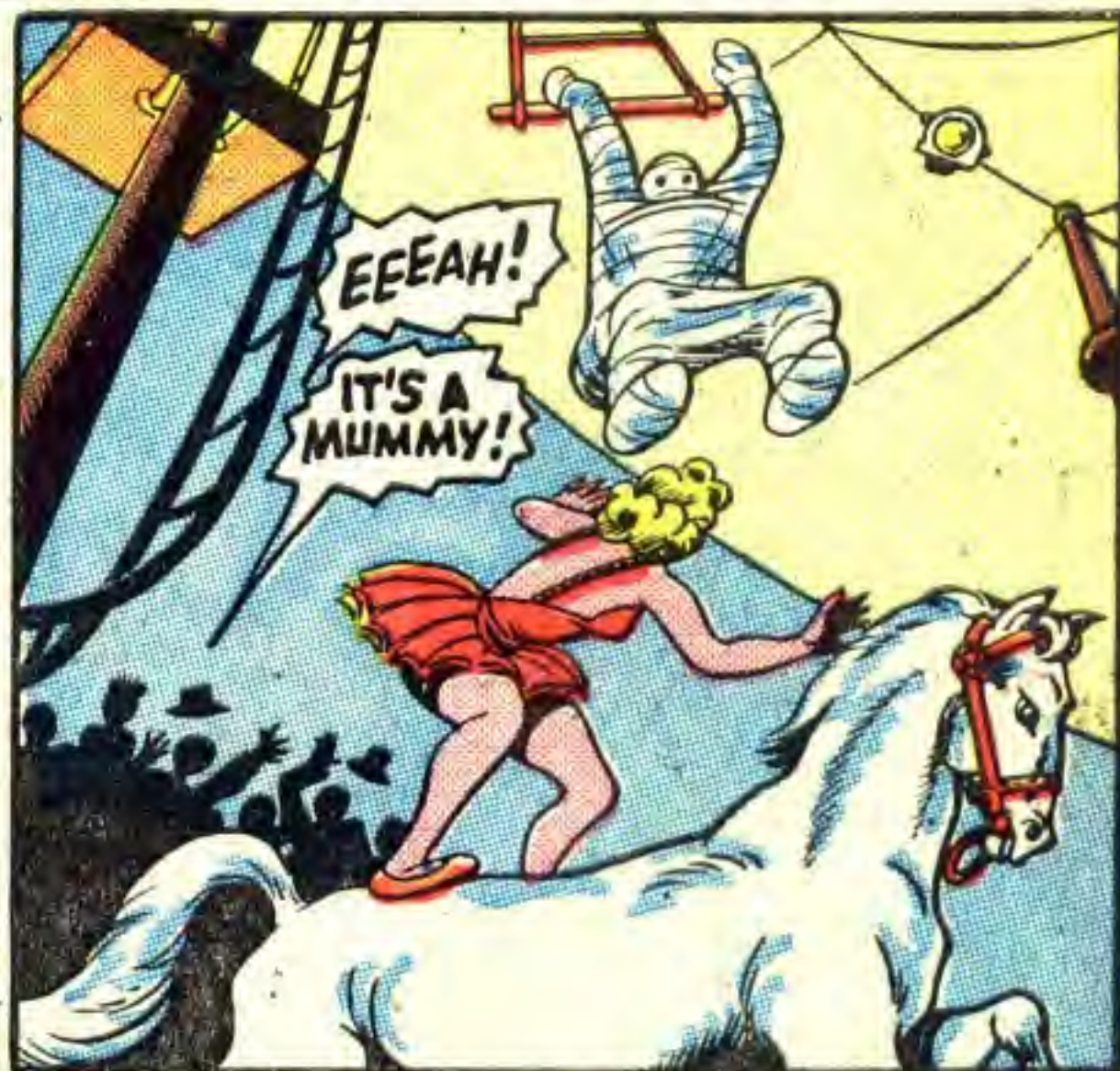
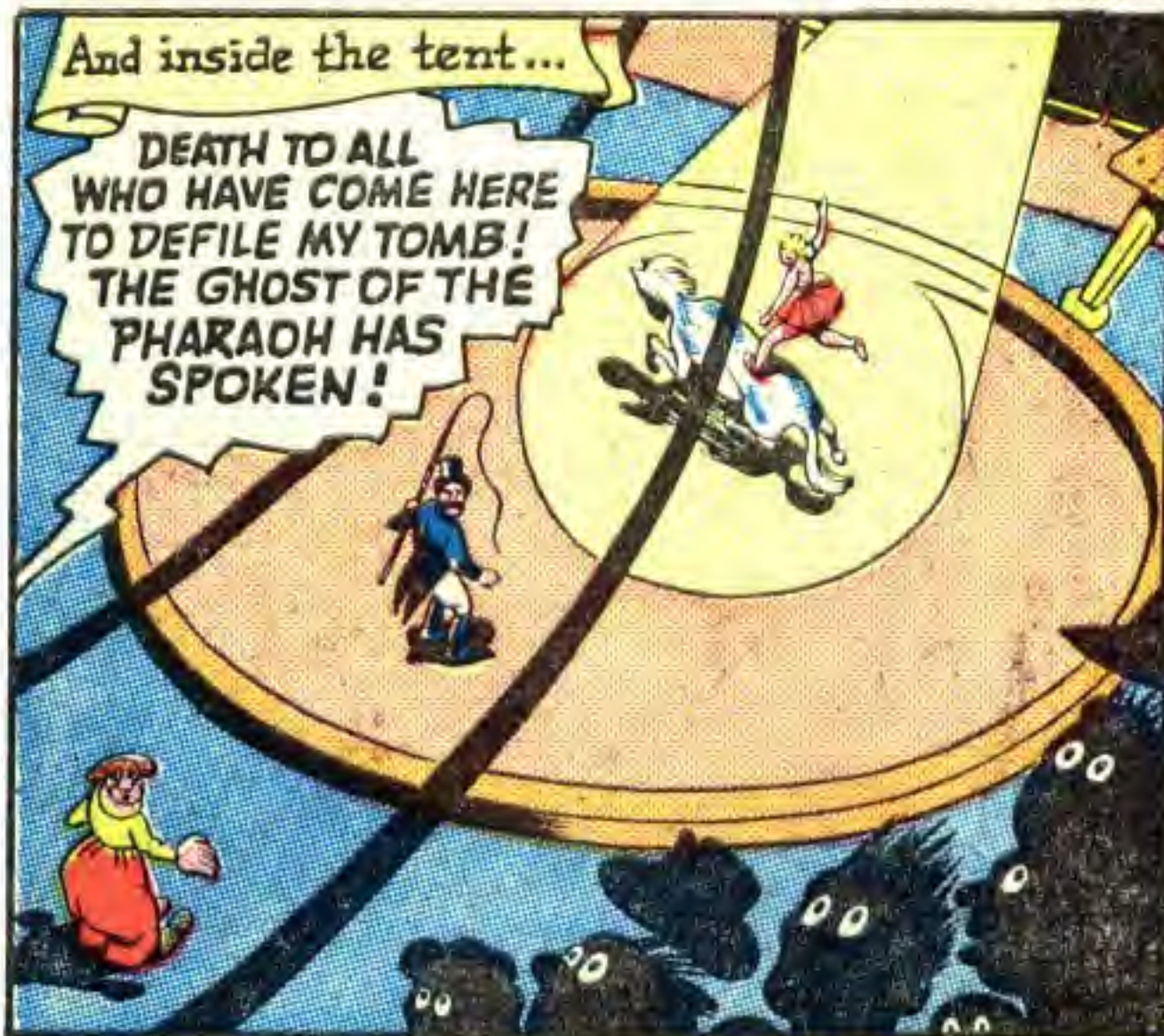


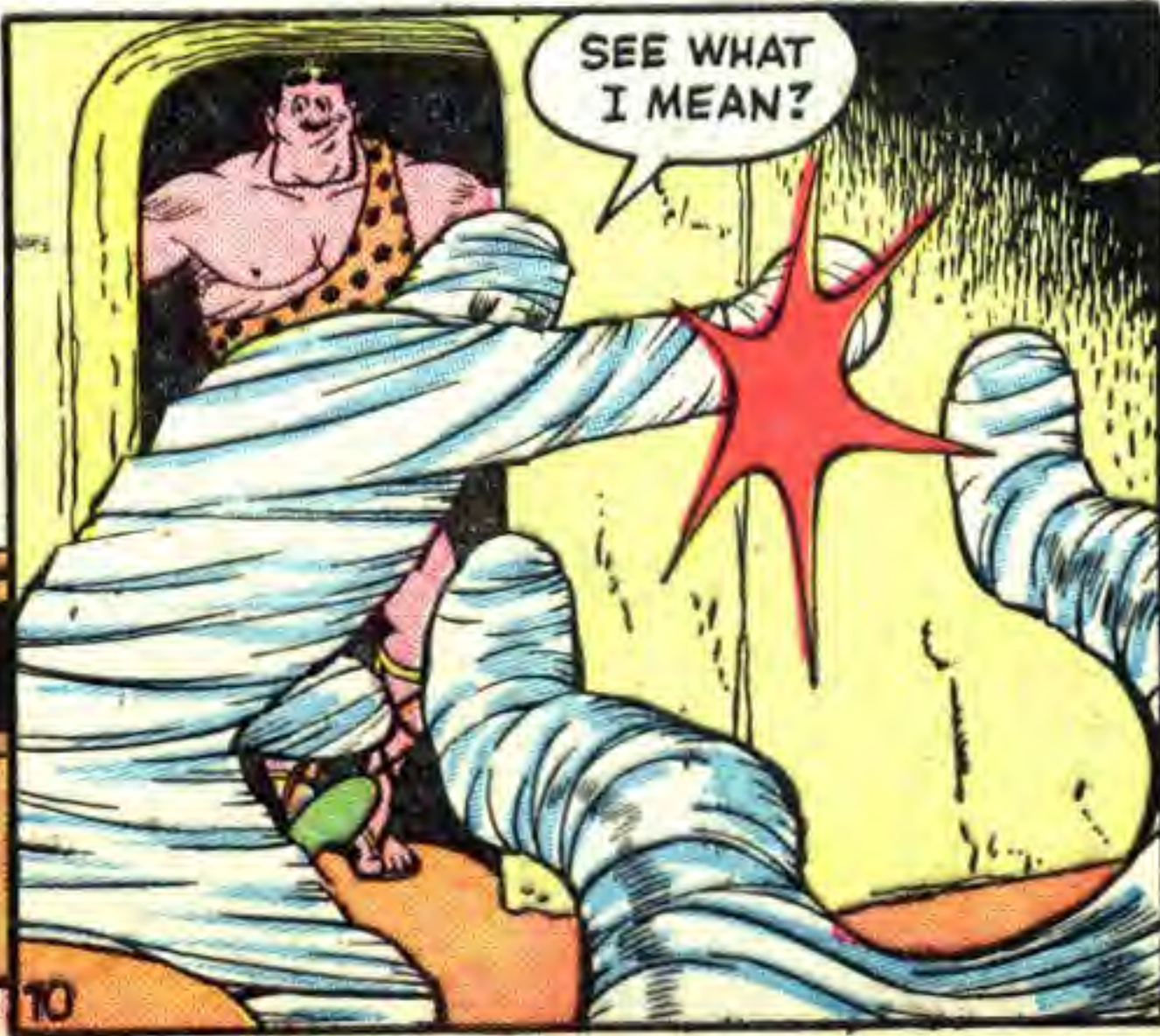
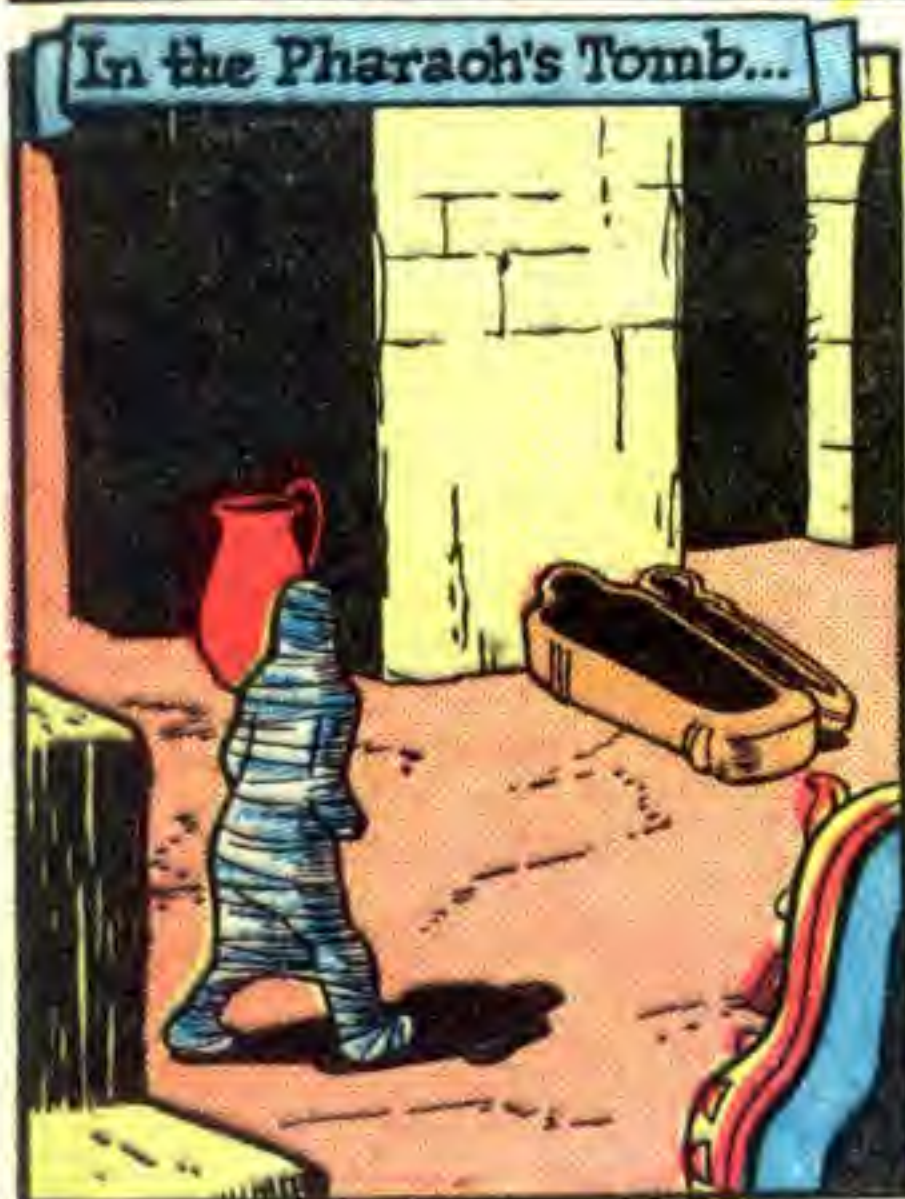
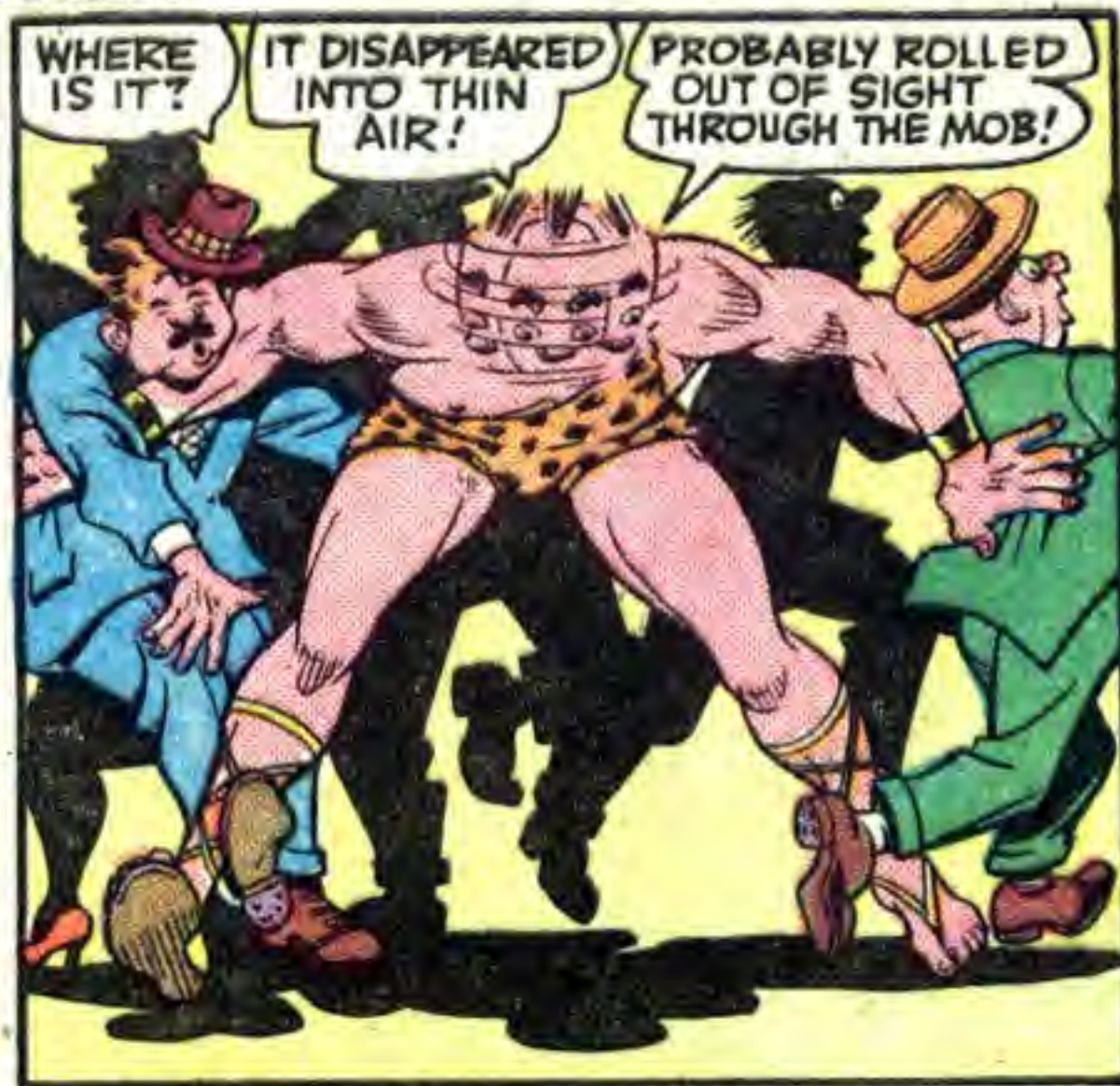
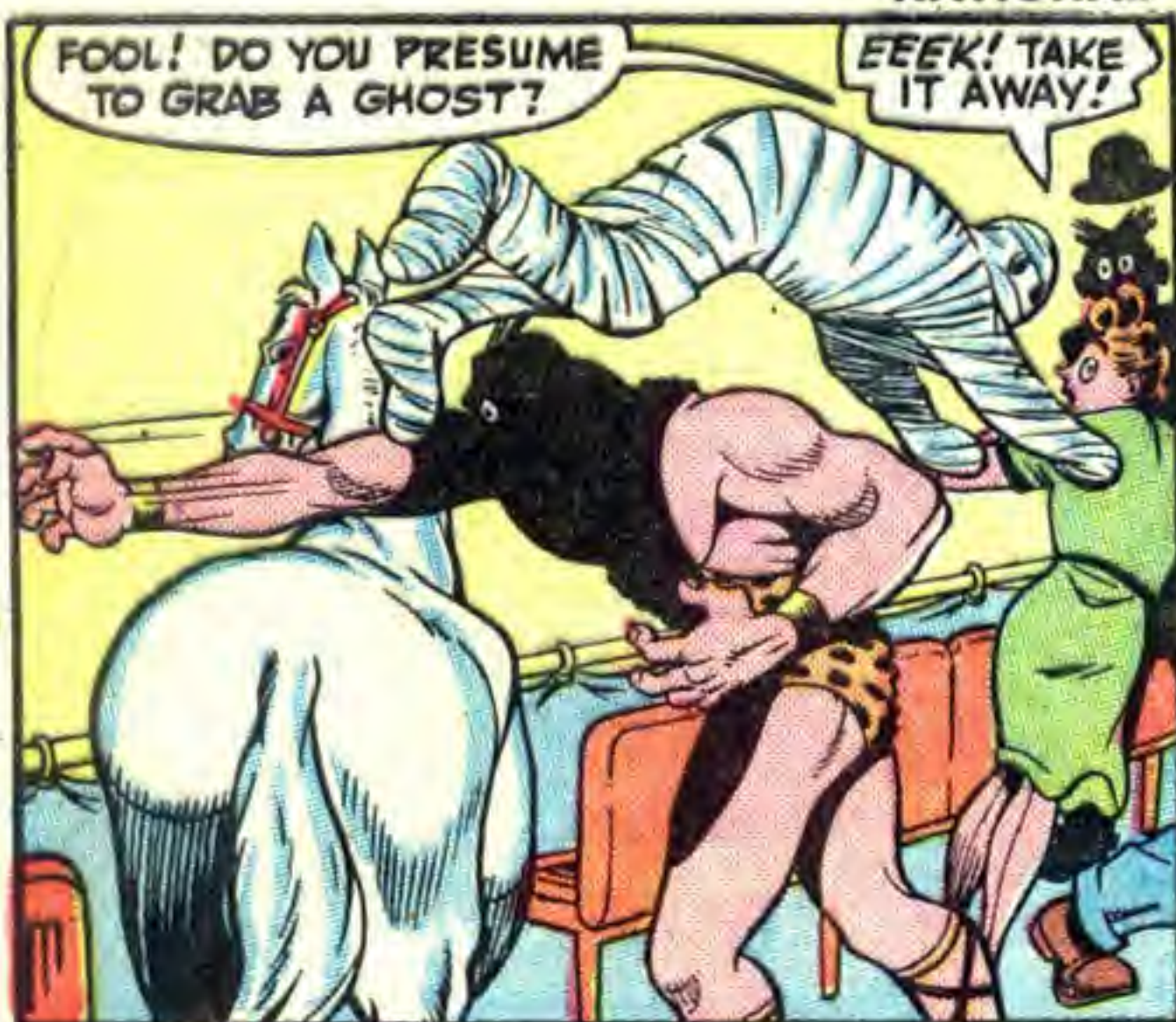


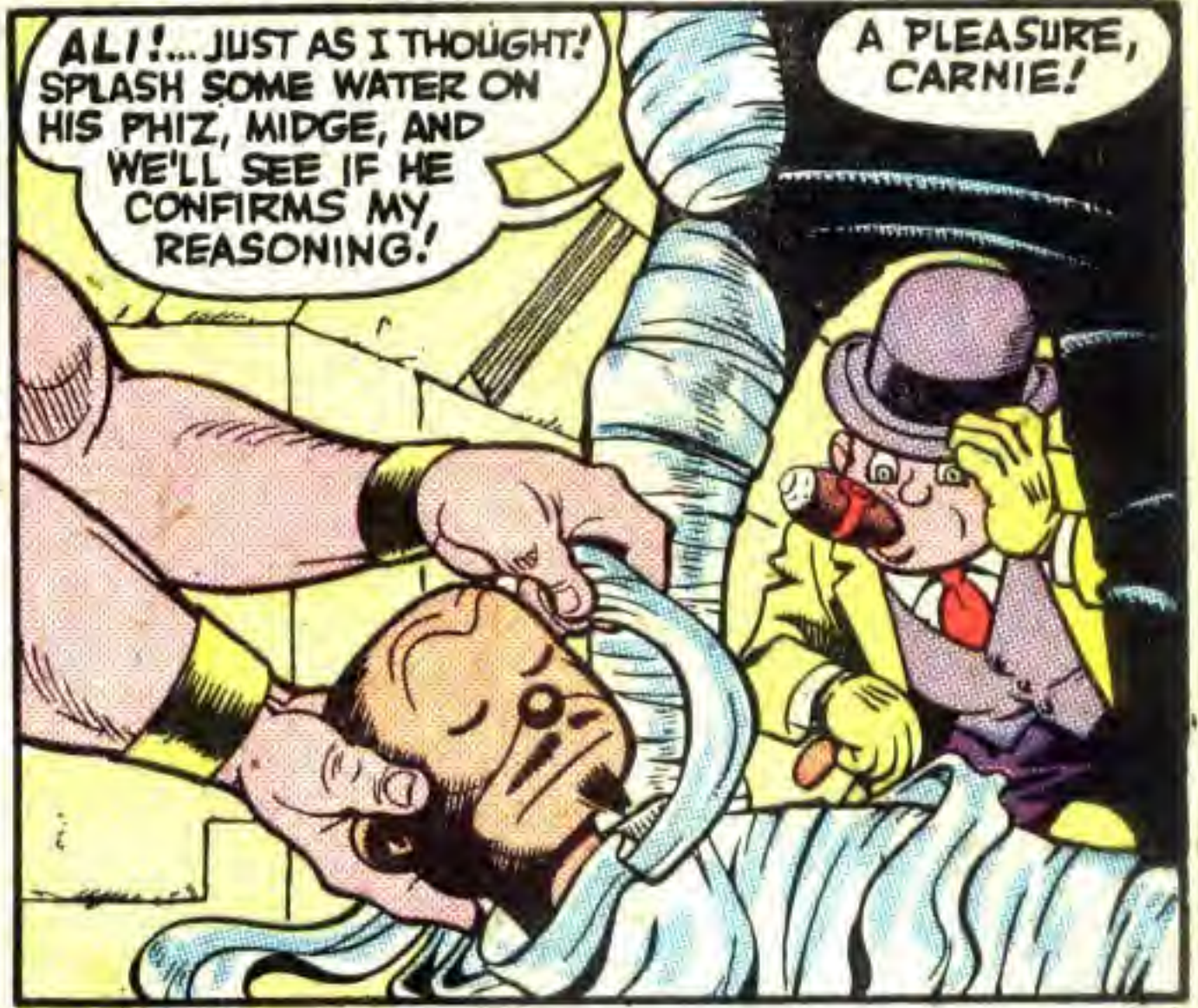






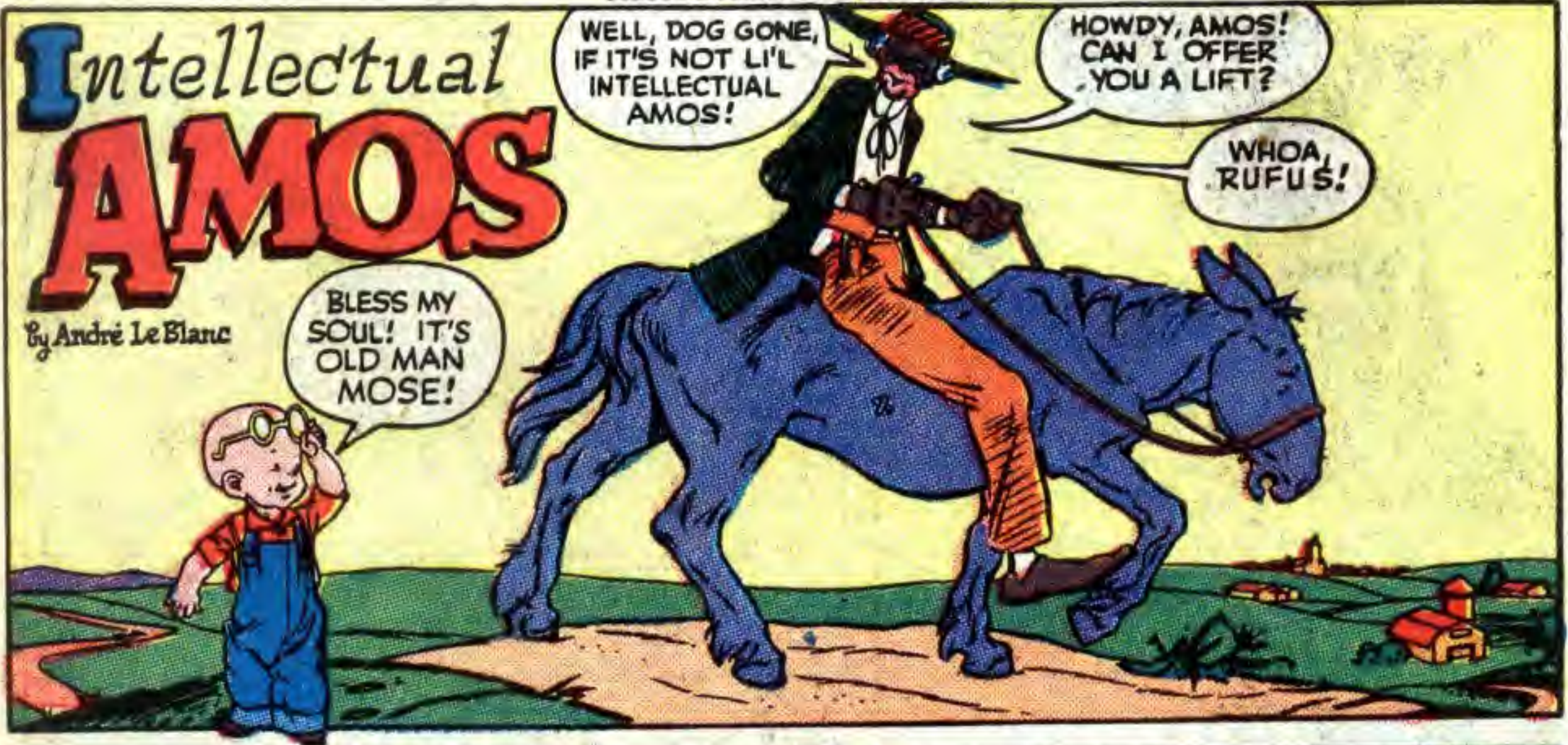


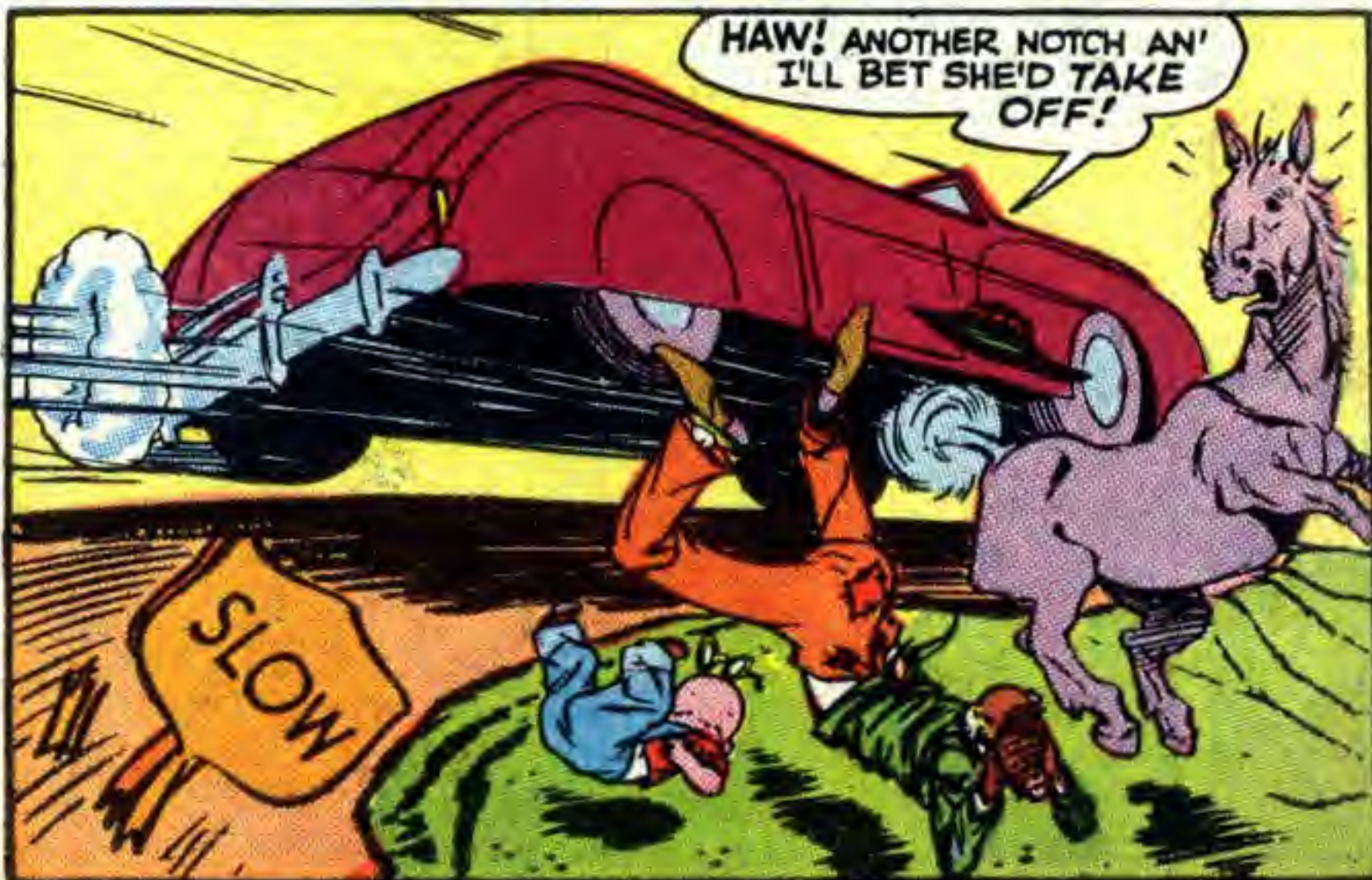
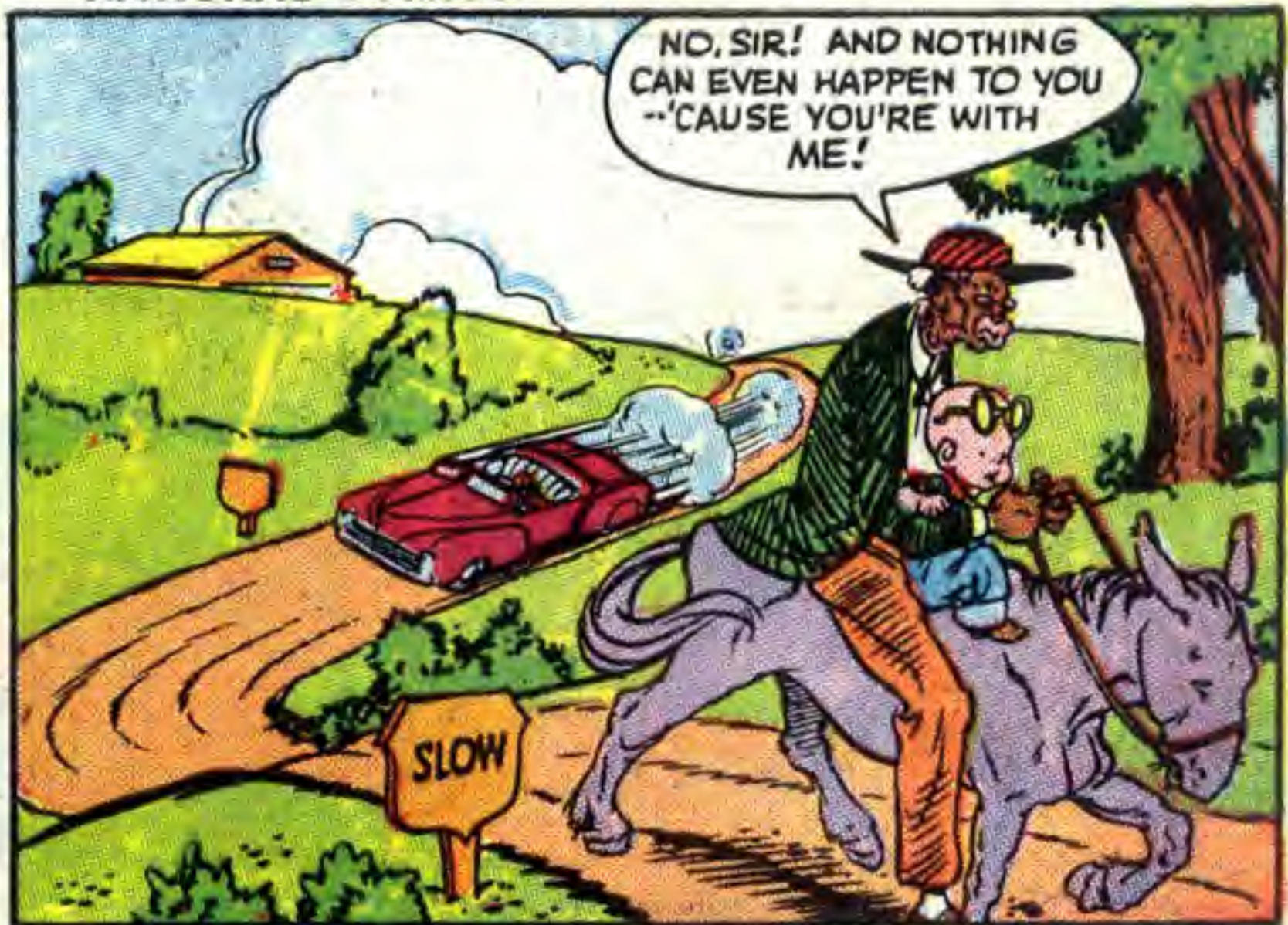




Intellectual AMOS

By André Le Blanc

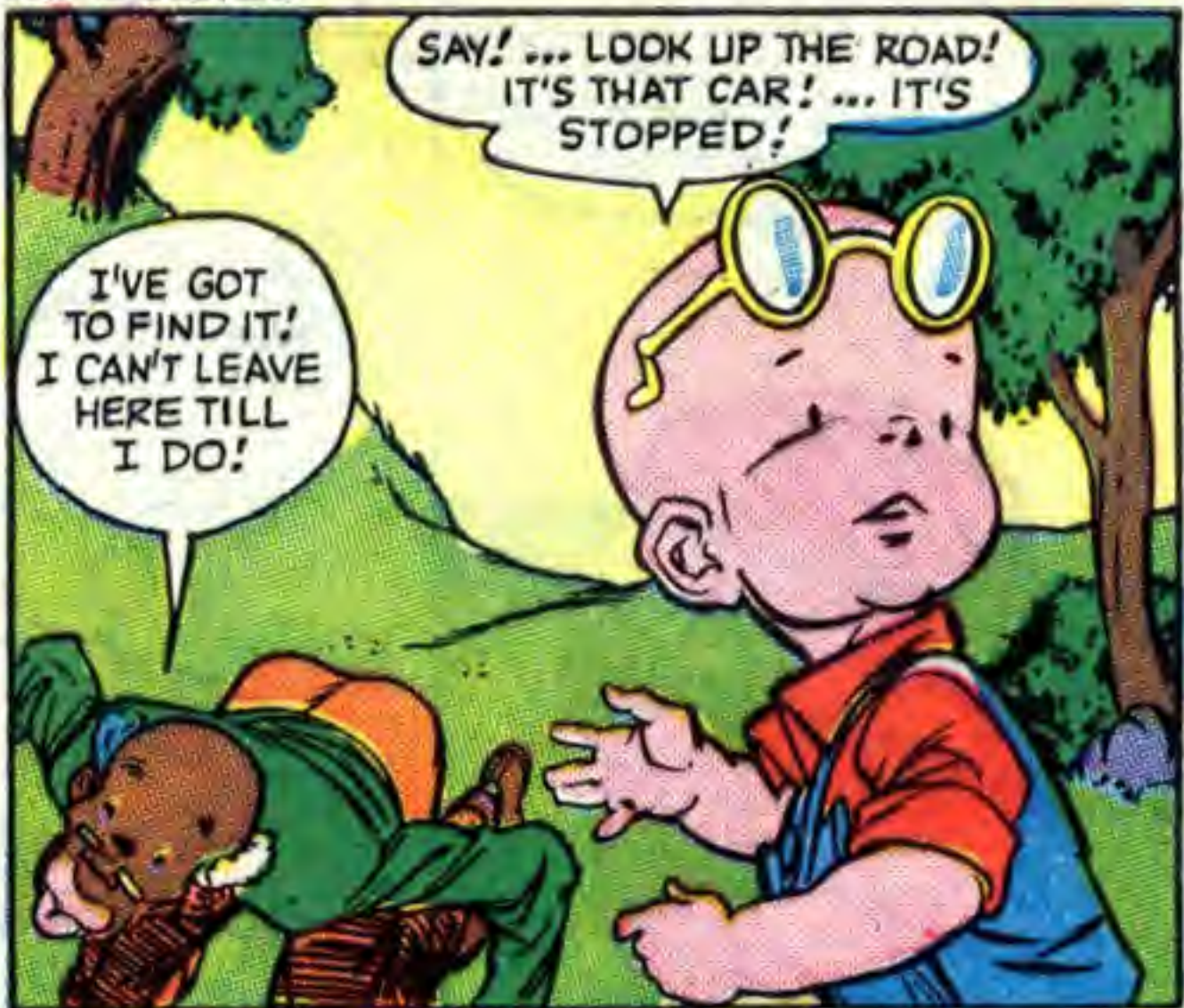




IF IT REALLY WAS YOUR RABBIT'S FOOT THAT SAVED OUR HIDES THAT TRIP, THEN GIVE IT A KISS FOR ME!

THAT'S JUST WHAT I'M GOING TO -----

EEEEK!
IT'S GONE!



SAY! ... LOOK UP THE ROAD!
IT'S THAT CAR! ... IT'S STOPPED!

I'VE GOT TO FIND IT!
I CAN'T LEAVE HERE TILL I DO!

YOU STAY HERE AND LOOK FOR IT! I'M GOING OVER TO SEE WHO'S THE LUNATIC DRIVER OF THAT CAR!



MAYBE IT'S MOTOR TROUBLE! ... HE'S GETTING OUT OF THE CAR!

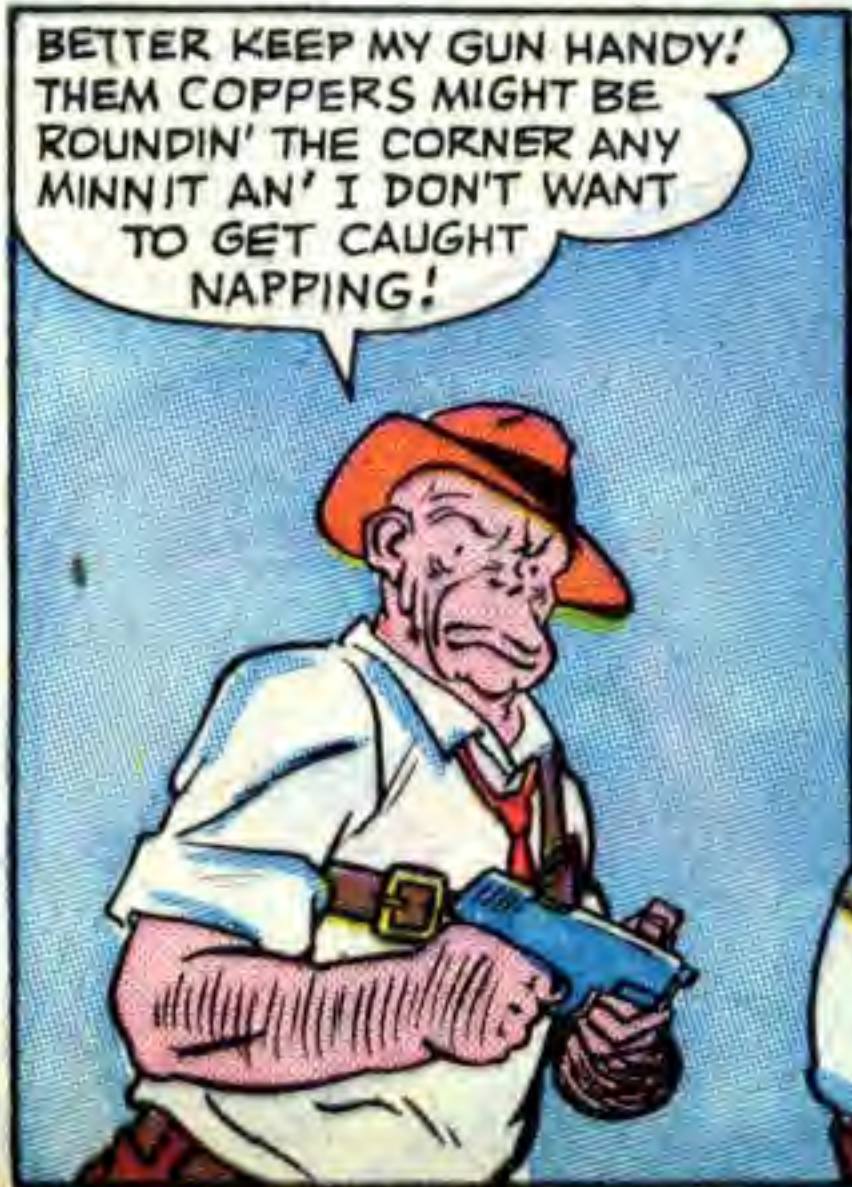


WHAT TH'--!
@#%&*! A FLAT TIRE!
OF ALL THE DUMB LUCK! --

AN' ME IN A KILLIN' HURRY!



OF ALL THE TIMES FOR A THING LIKE THIS TO HAPPEN! ... THE COPS HOT ON MY TAIL AN' I GOT TO STOP TO -- GRRR!

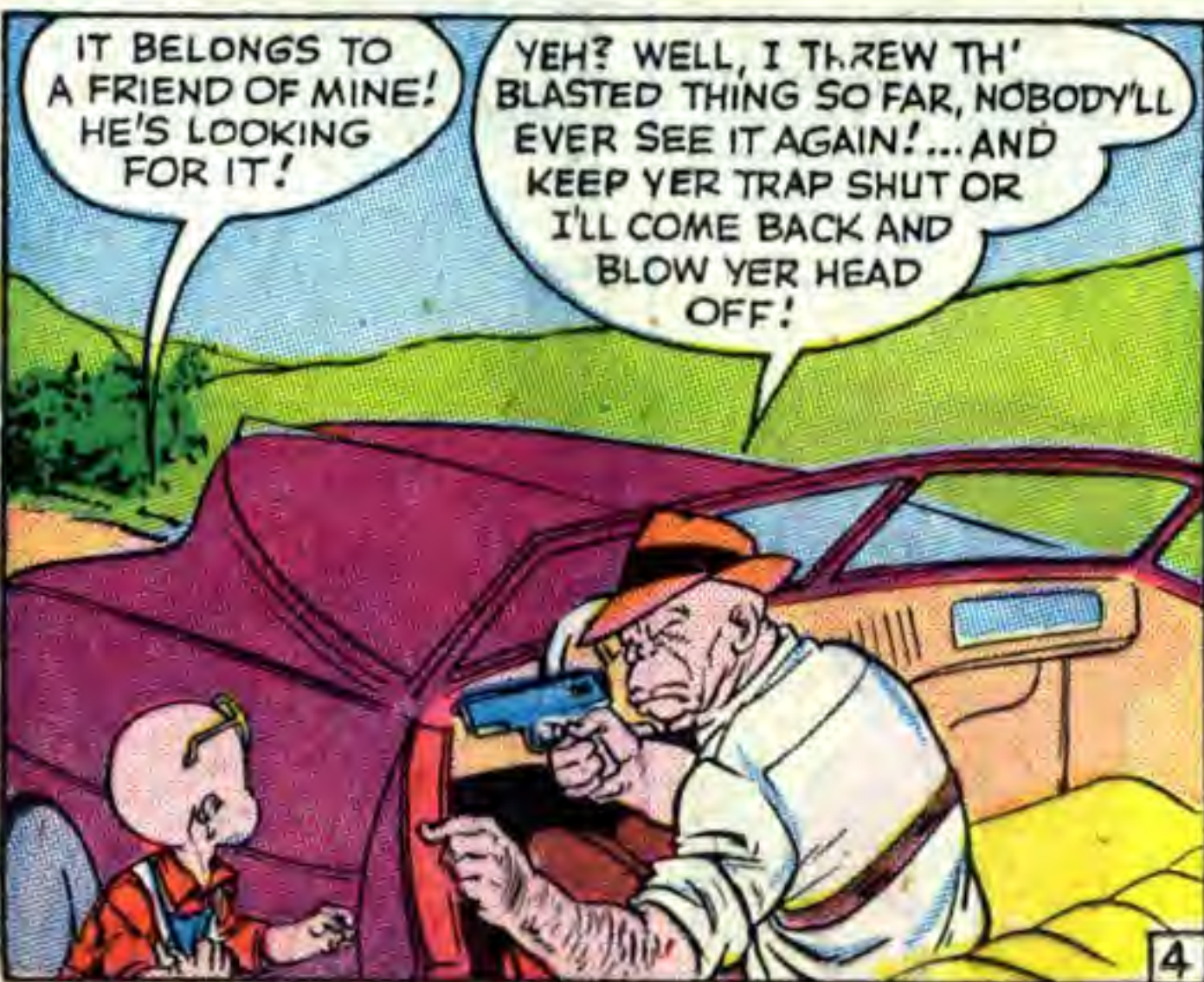
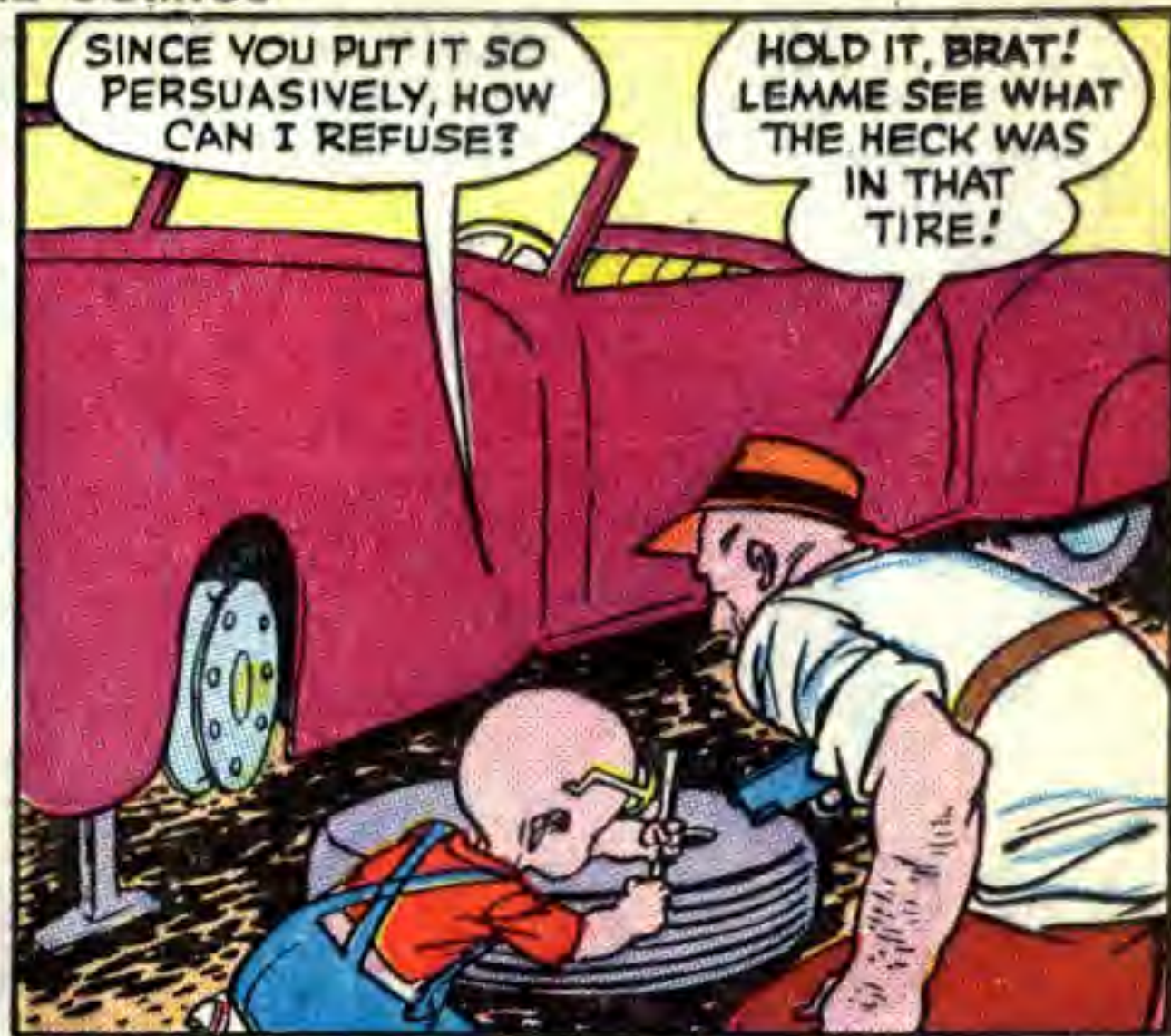


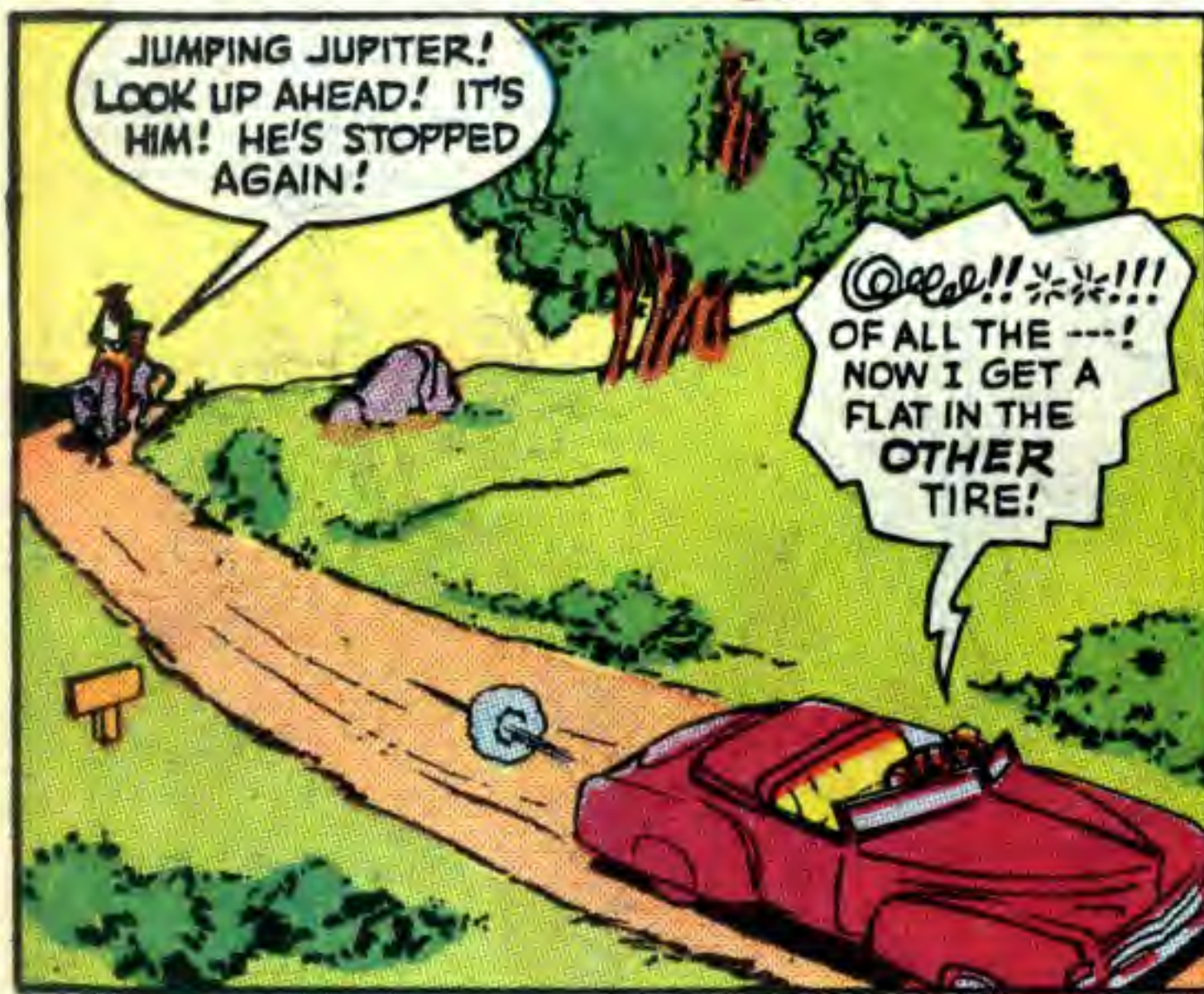
BETTER KEEP MY GUN HANDY! THEM COPPERS MIGHT BE ROUNDIN' THE CORNER ANY MINNIT AN' I DON'T WANT TO GET CAUGHT NAPPING!

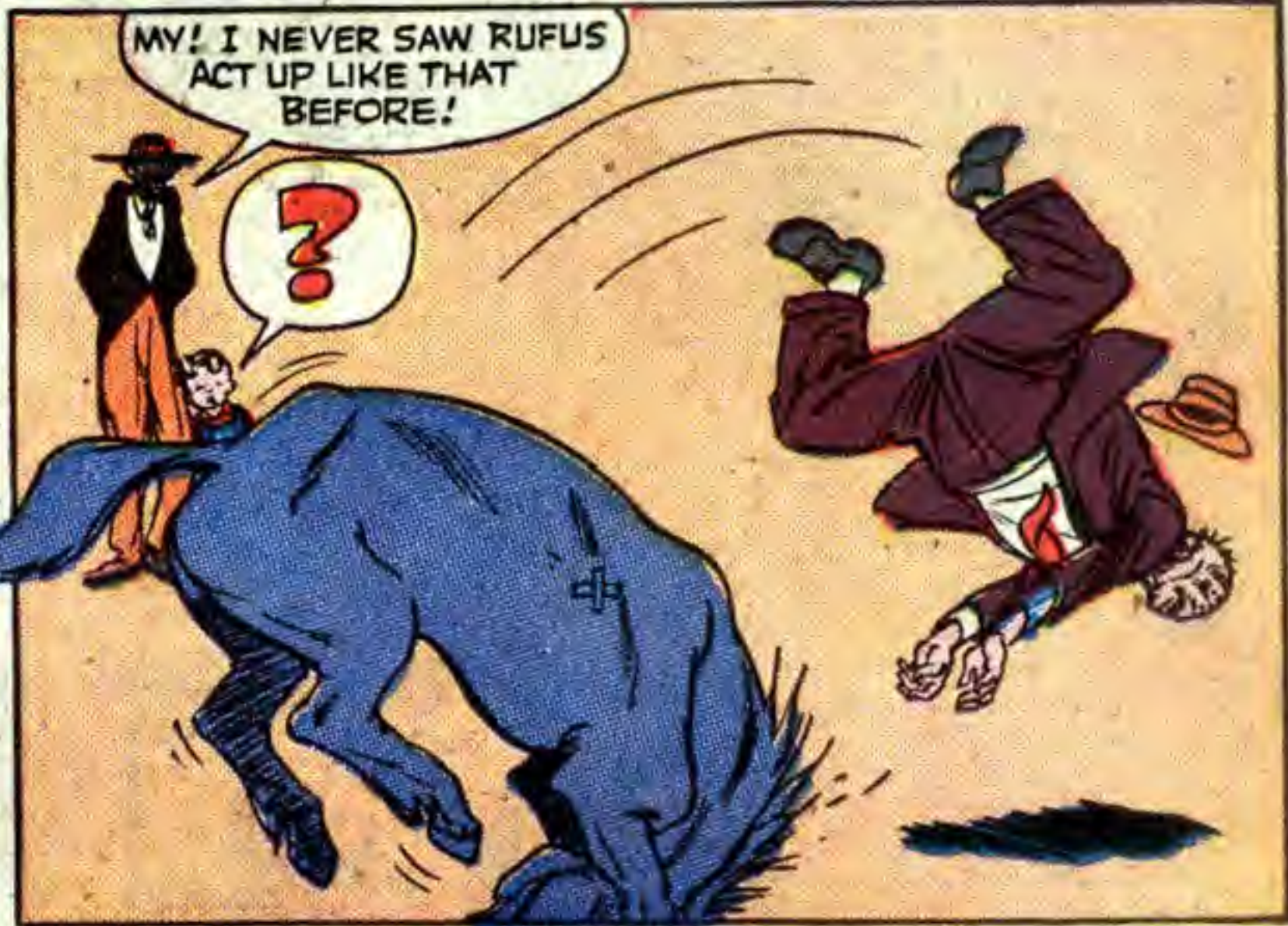


WHO'S THERE? WHADDUYUH WANT, BRAT?

DON'T GET EXCITED, MISTER! I'M JUST LOOKING!









OH, BOY! ON THE WAY HOME AT LAST!



NEXT EVENING-

WE JUST PASSED A BURLEY SHOW, SALTY!

NOT ME! I'M GONNA FIND ME A REAL BED AND PILE RIGHT IN IT!



AND WITH NO ONE TO BOTHER ME, HERE'S WHERE I MAKE RIP VAN WINKLE'S TWENTY-YEAR SNOOZE LOOK LIKE A TEN-SECOND CAT NAP!



TWO HOURS LATER-

FOR MIKE'S SAKE, WHAT AILS ME? I AIN'T BEEN SO TIRED IN TEN YEARS AND YET I CAN'T CLOSE MY EYES AS MUCH AS A FISH!



THE BED'S AS SOFT AS THE FUZZ OFF A CANARY'S BACK, YET THE WHOLE SET-UP SEEMS TO LACK SOMETHING THAT'D PERMIT ME TO TEAR OFF A GRADE-A SLEEP!



THERE'S JUST ONE WILD CHANCE THAT I KNOW WHAT'S MISSING!



YOU SURE THESE TWO ANIMALS ARE GOOD AT THAT SORT OF THING?

POSITIVE! IT'S THE ONE FAULT MOST PEOPLE OBJECT TO IN 'EM!



WELL, I WON'T HAVE NO OBJECTIONS!

PET SHOP OPEN EVENINGS





SALLY O'NEIL,
jewel of justice
in the police
department,
argues with
**DEATH THE
MARKSMAN!**

Sally

O'NEIL

Decision is handed down in a **TRIAL FOR MURDER!**

THE EVIDENCE IS TOO STRONG! THE DEFENDANT, CHARLEY CHOWDER, HAS PROVED HE WAS **NOWHERE NEAR THE PLACE** WHEN COLONEL RAPIDAN WAS MURDERED! THE JURY IS INSTRUCTED TO FIND HIM **NOT GUILTY!**

I WAS LUCKY TO HAVE **GARRUS** FOR A FRIEND-- AND A LAWYER!



The defeated forces of the prosecution confer....

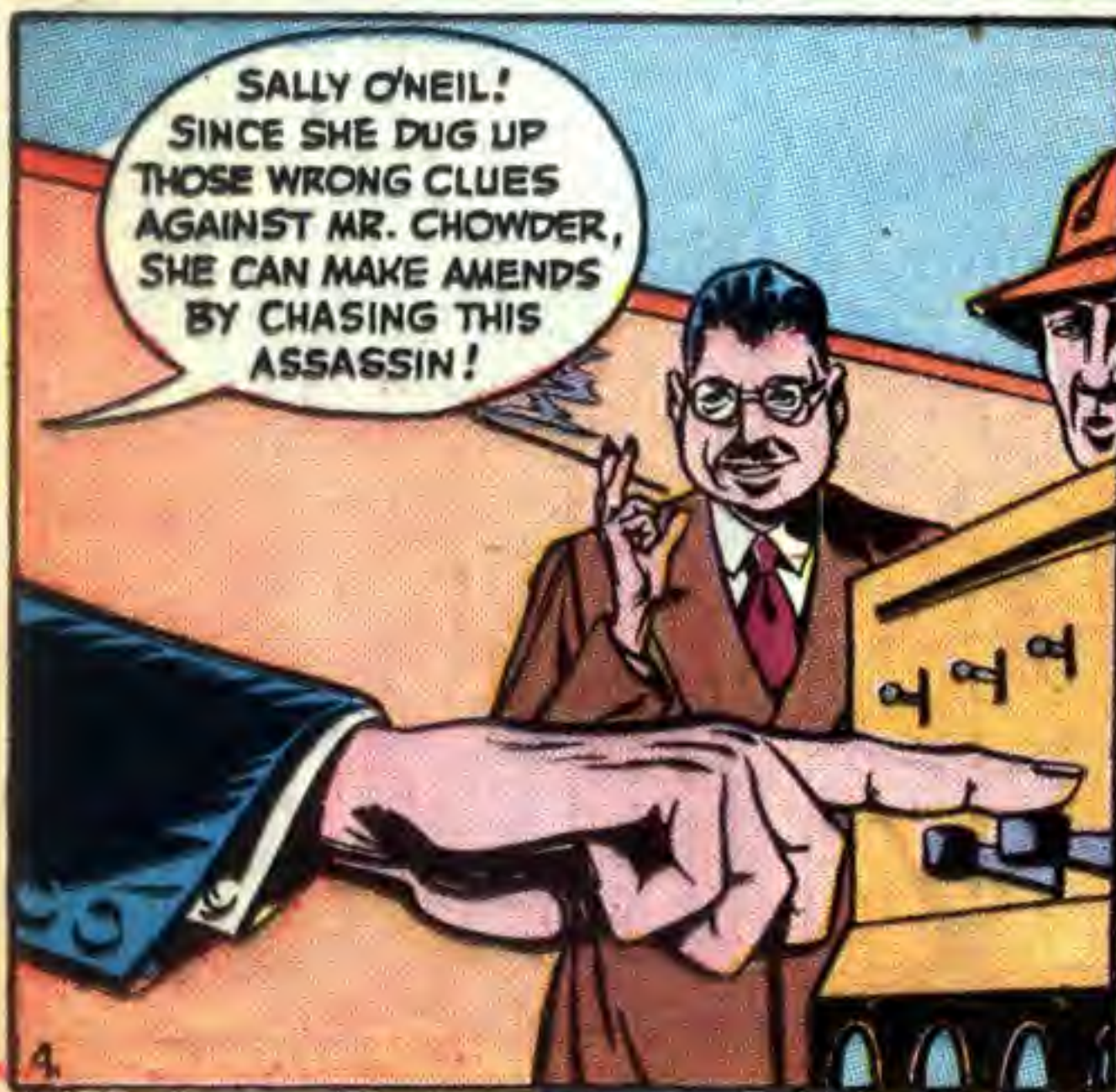
TOO BAD, MISS O'NEIL! CHOWDER'S ALIBI WAS **CLEAR-CUT!** IT OVER- RULED ALL THOSE CLUES YOU FOUND POINTING TO HIM AS THE KILLER!

MAYBE I'M SLOW THINKING, MR. PROSECUTOR! IT OCCURS TO ME THAT THOSE CLUES WERE ALMOST **TOO PERFECT!** PERHAPS--





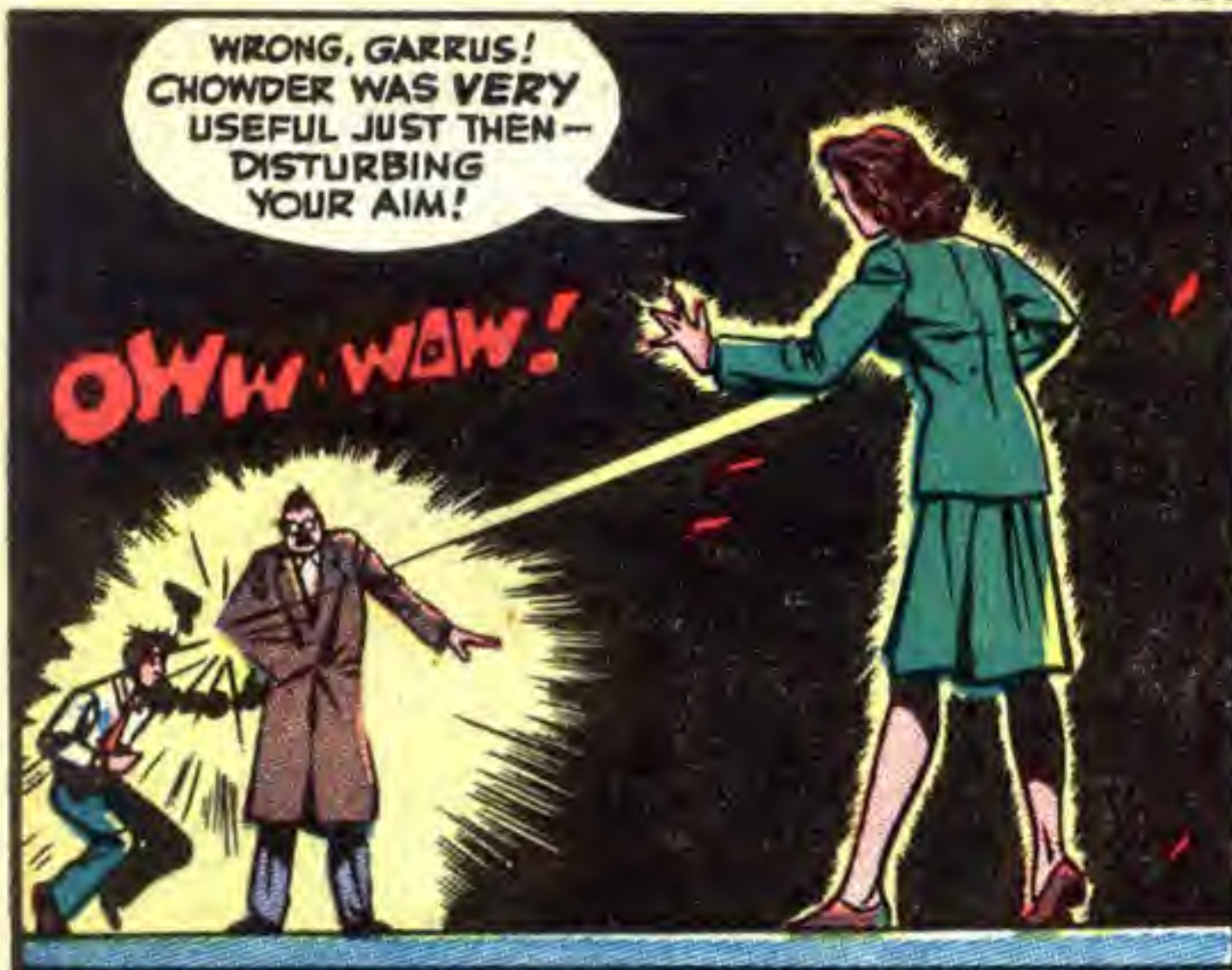


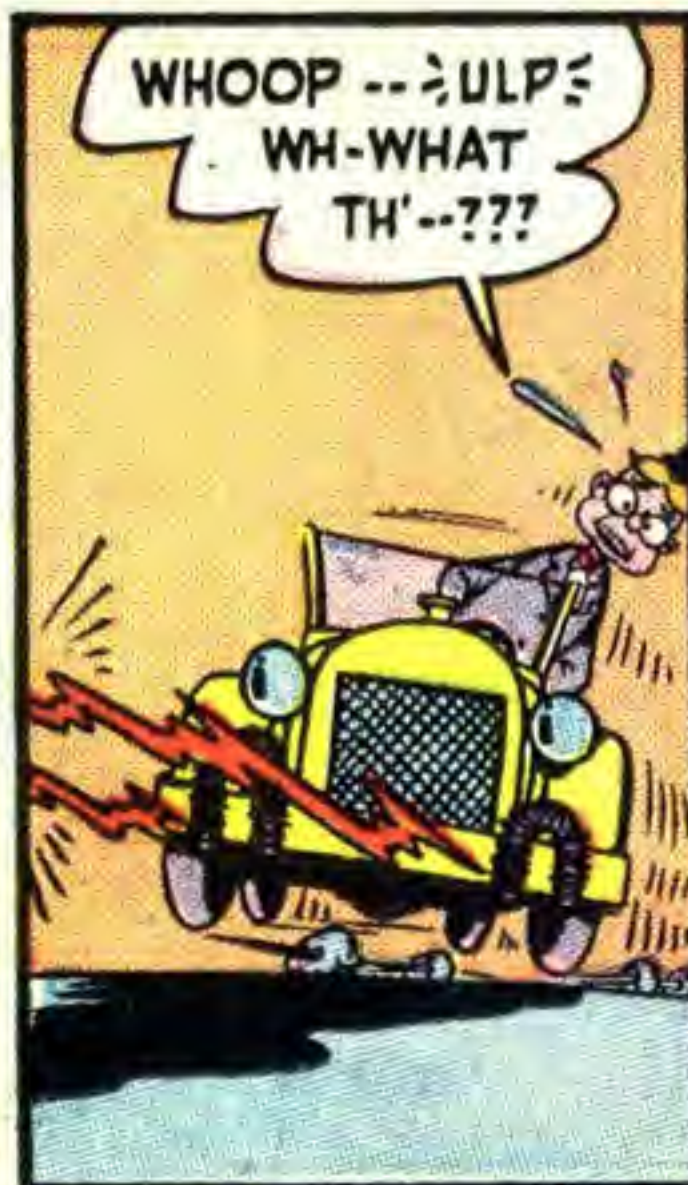
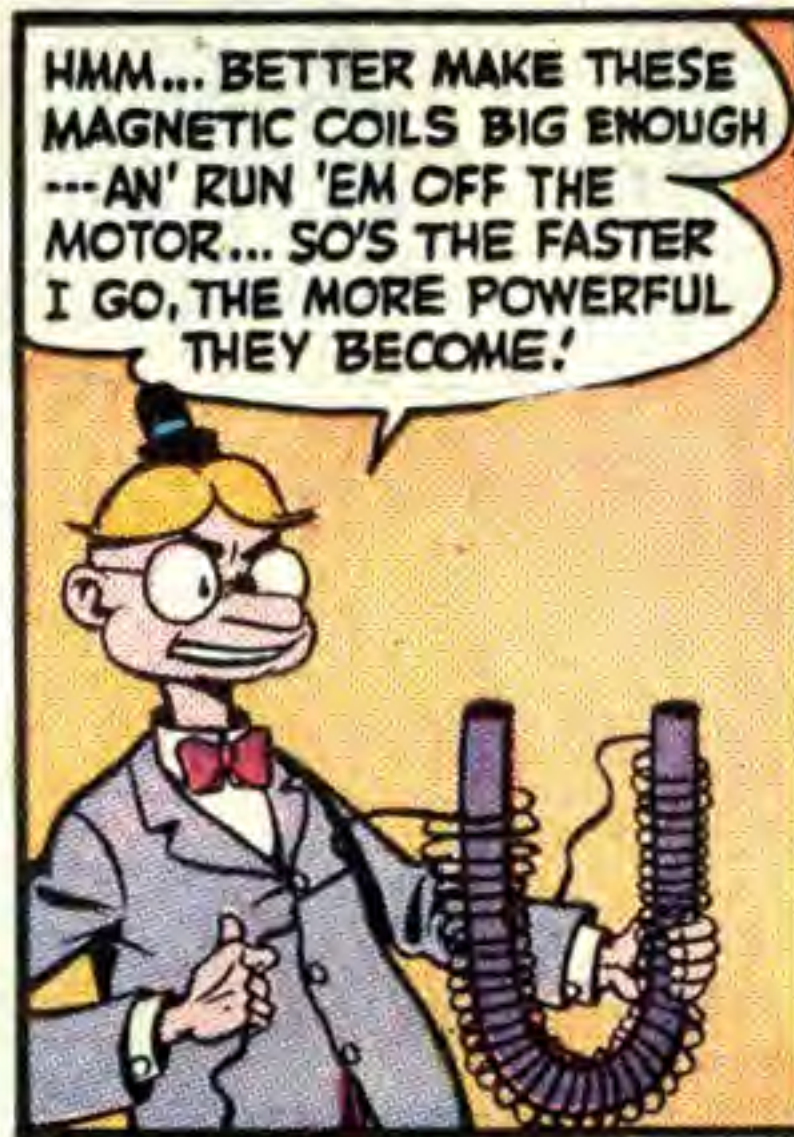
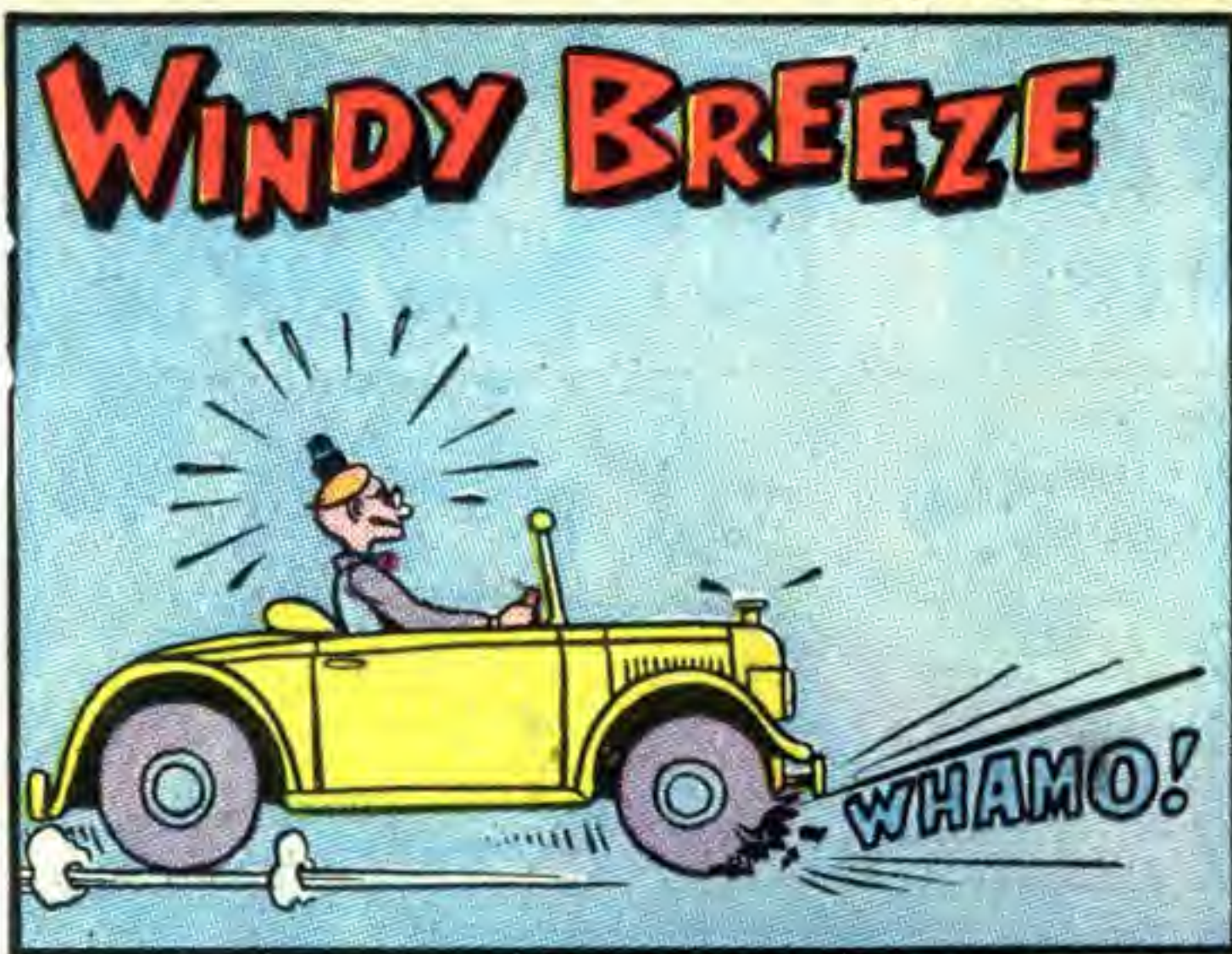












TINKER TOM

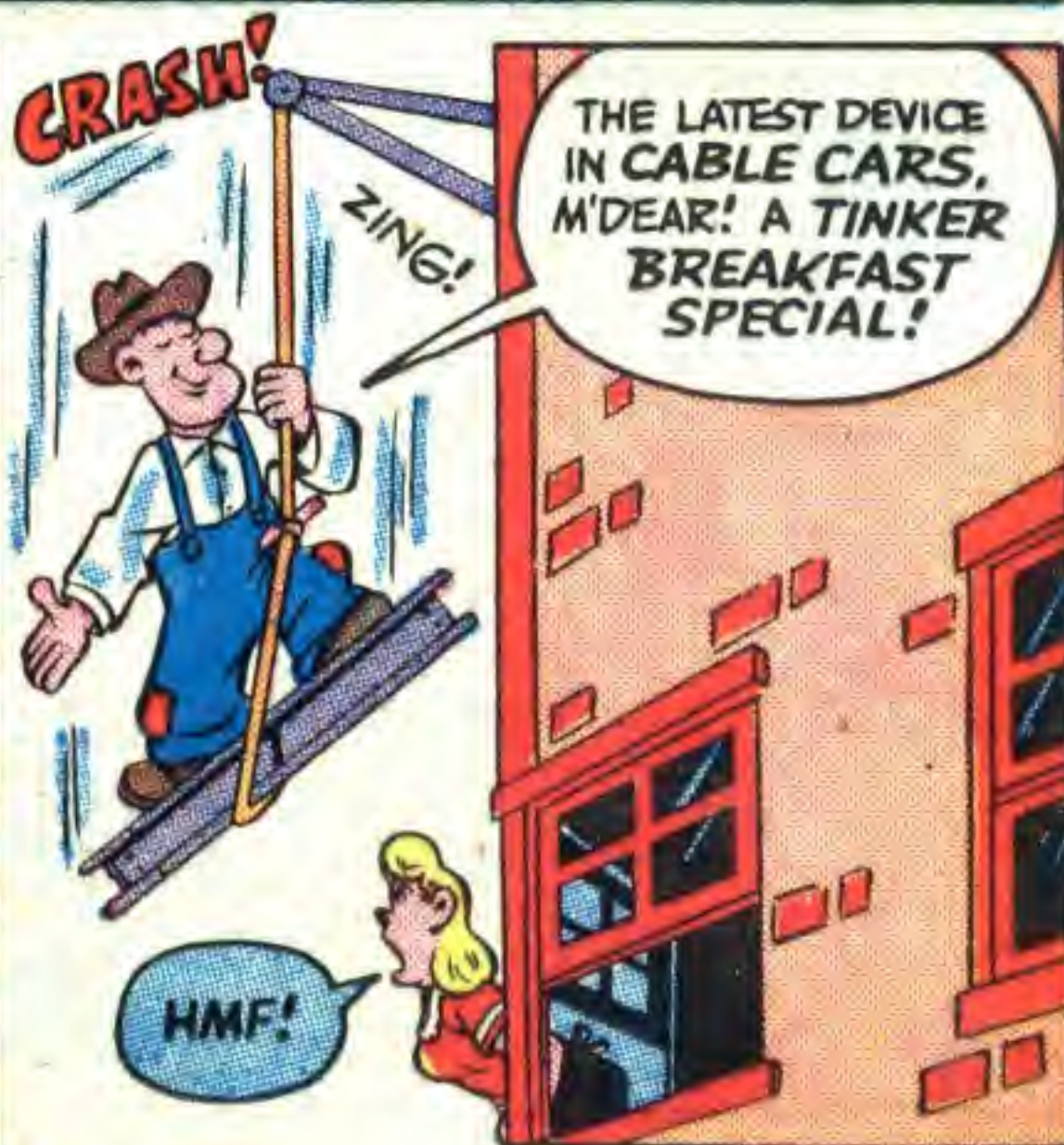
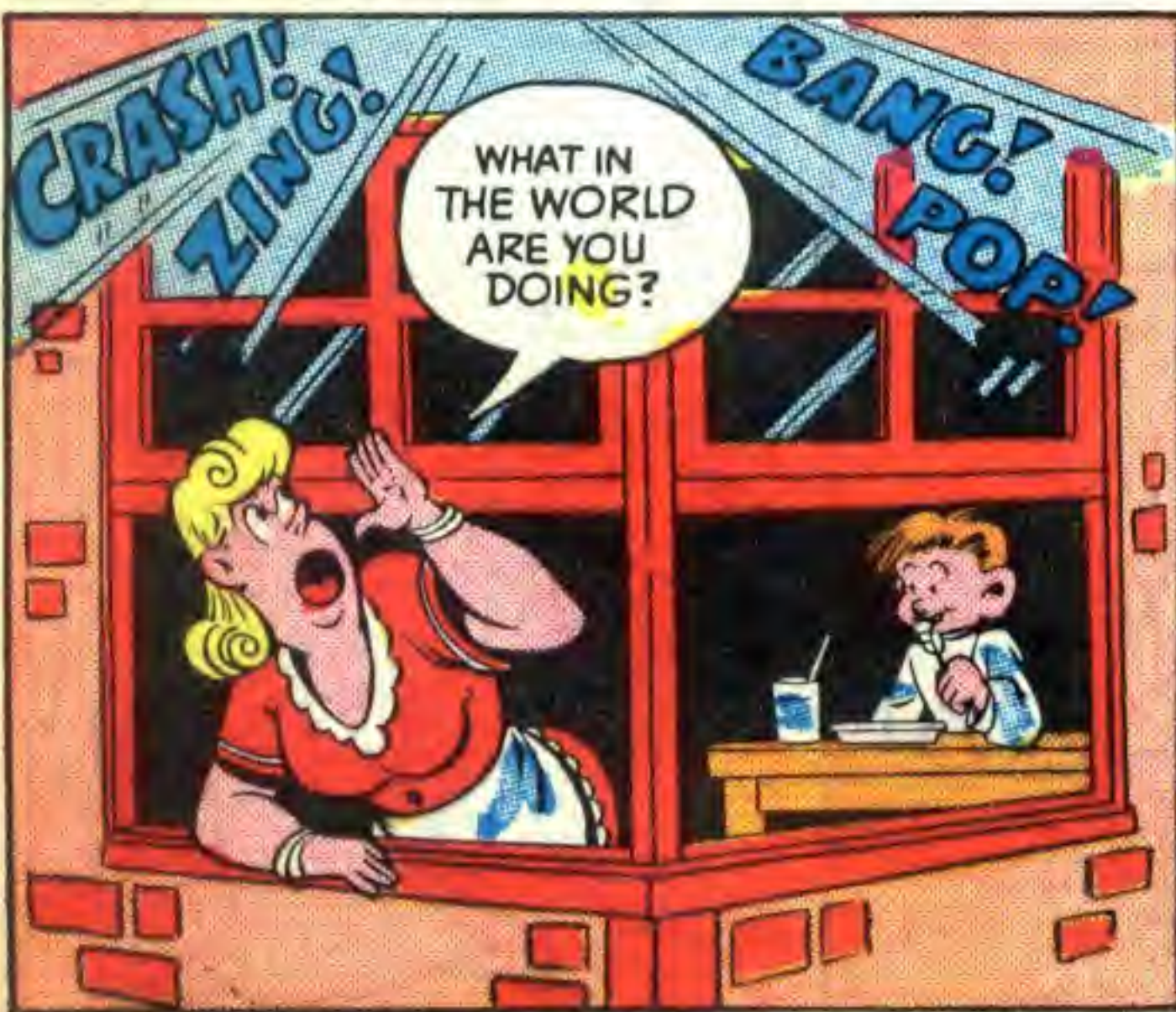
by
AL STAHL

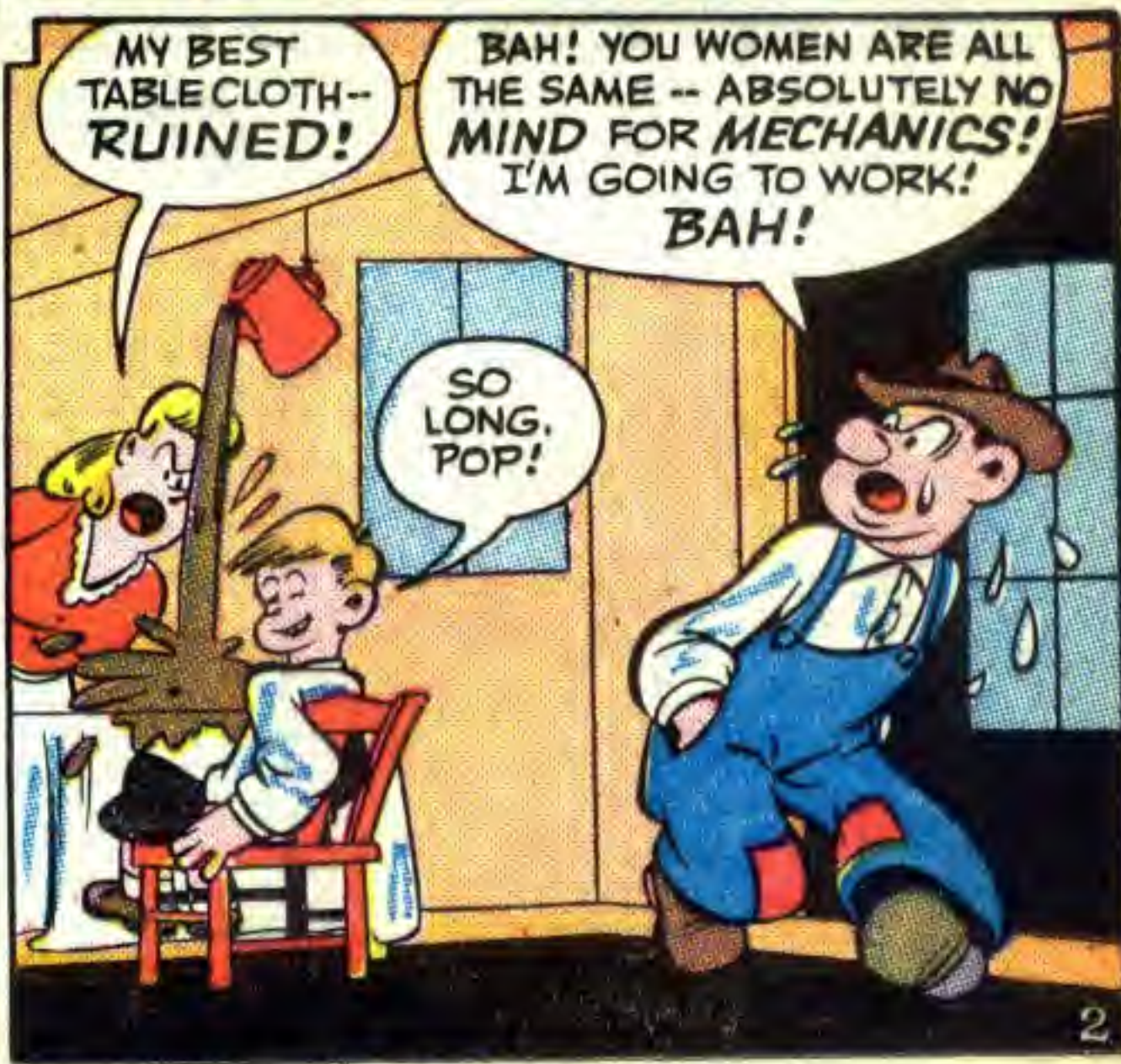
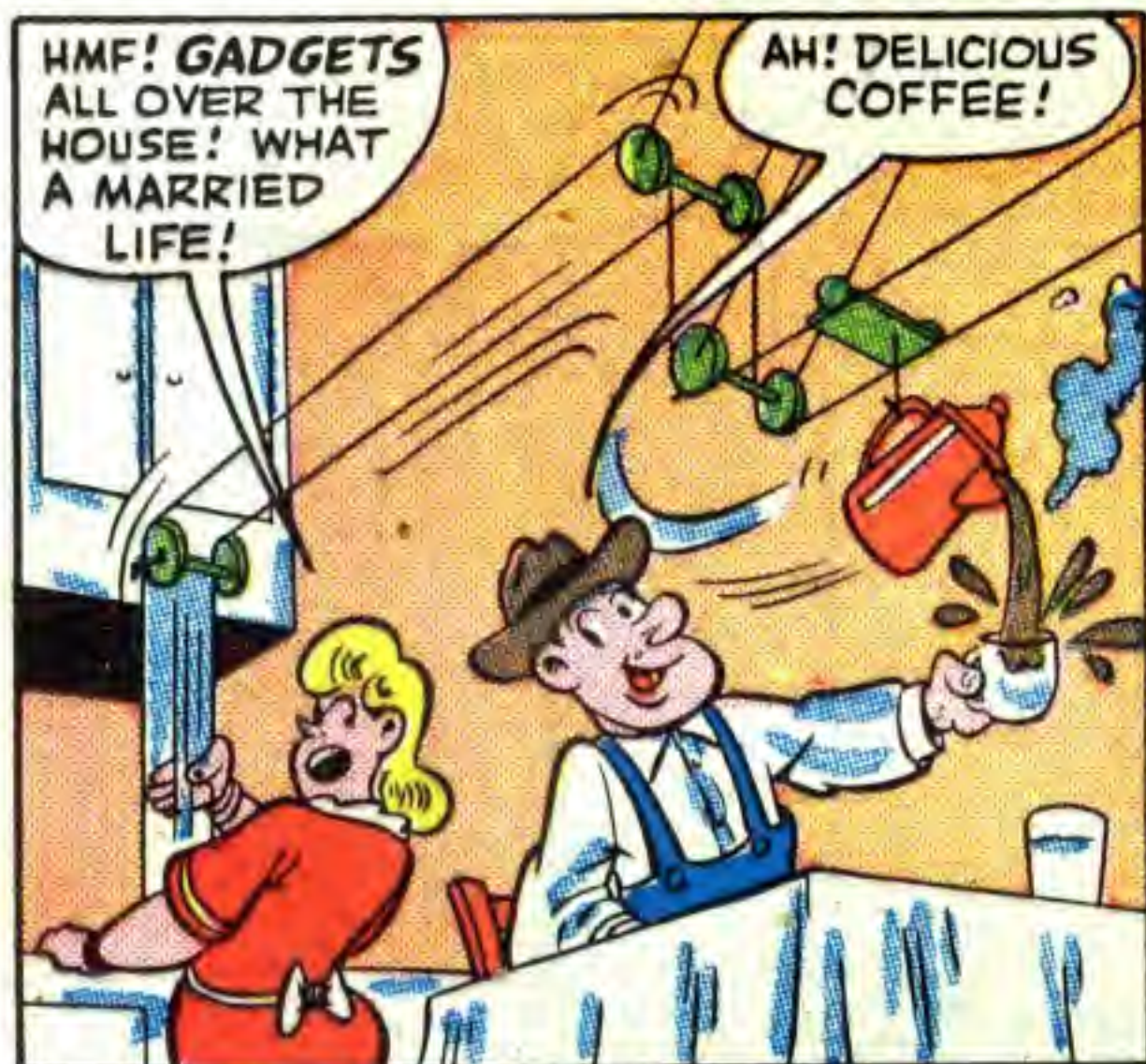
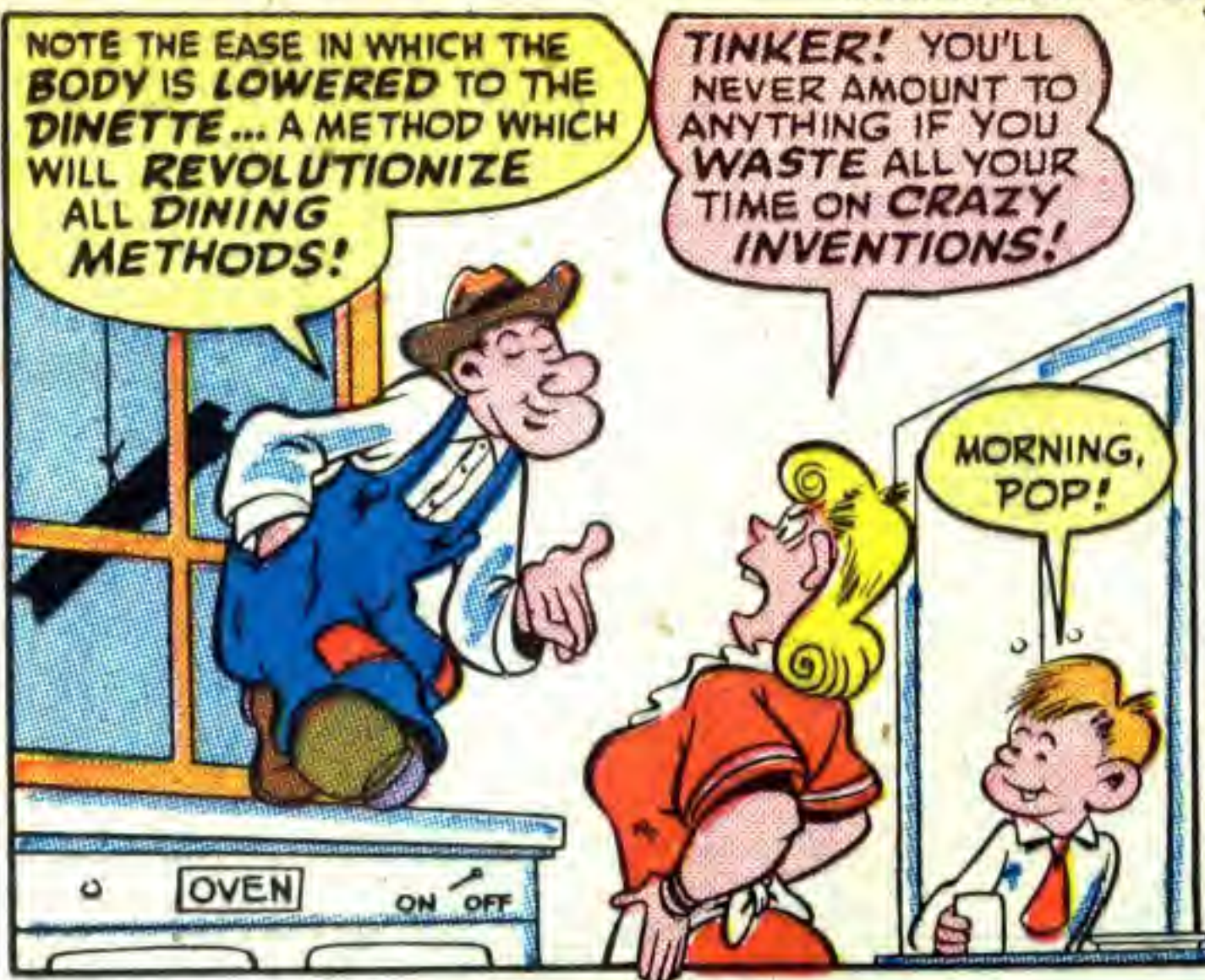
TINKER! COME
DOWN TO BREAKFAST
THIS INSTANT, OR YOU'LL
BE LATE FOR
WORK!

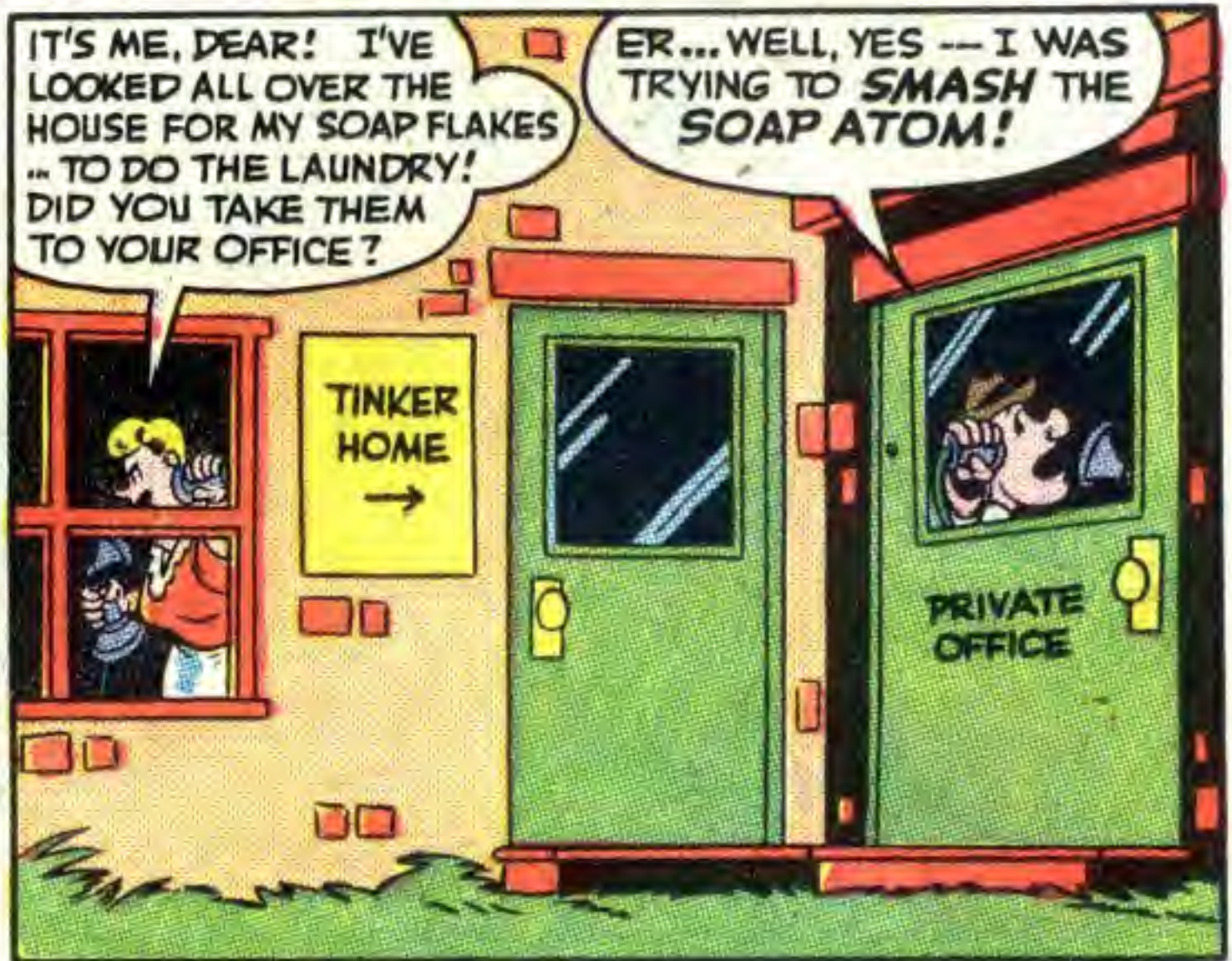
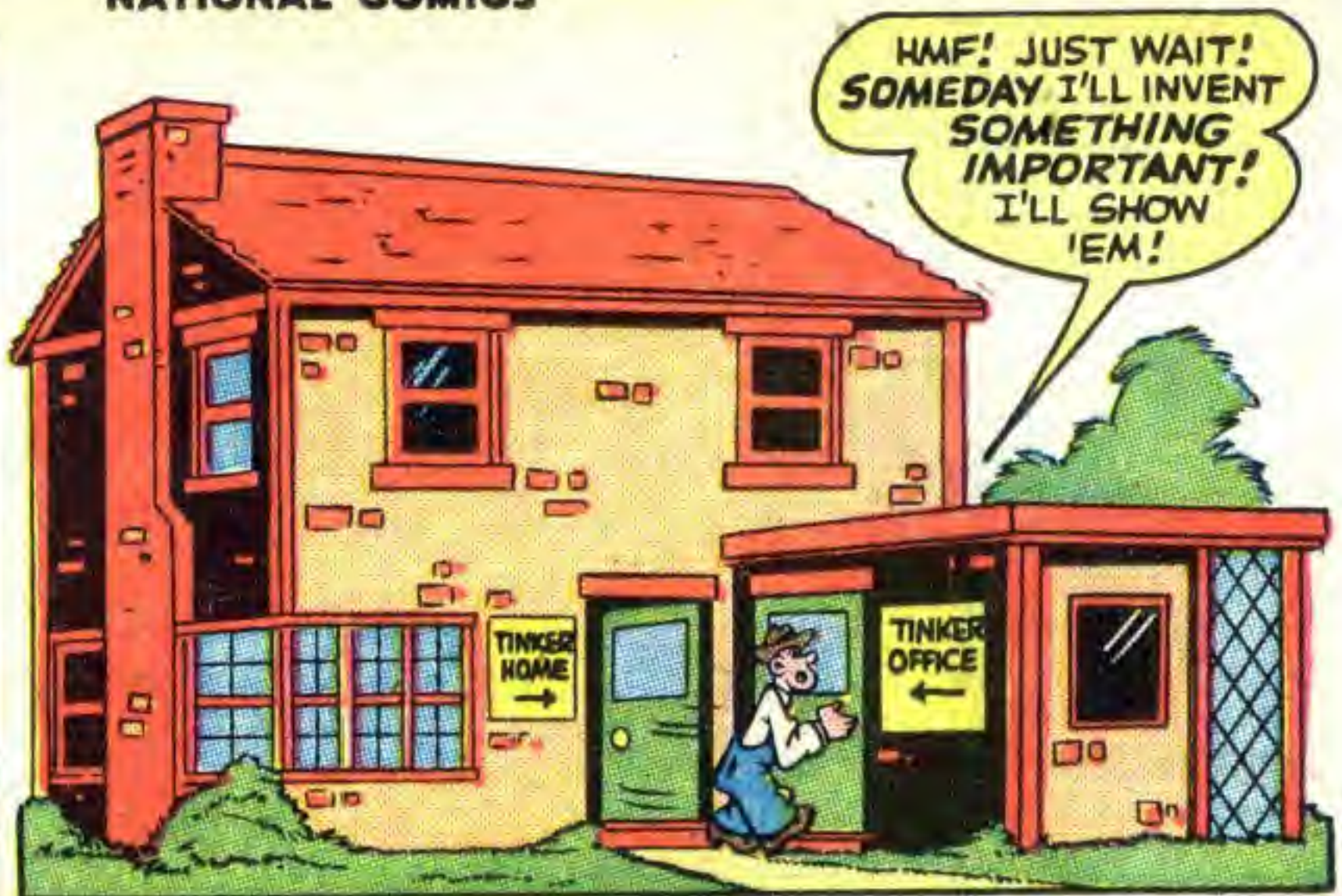
YES, DEAR,
COMING!

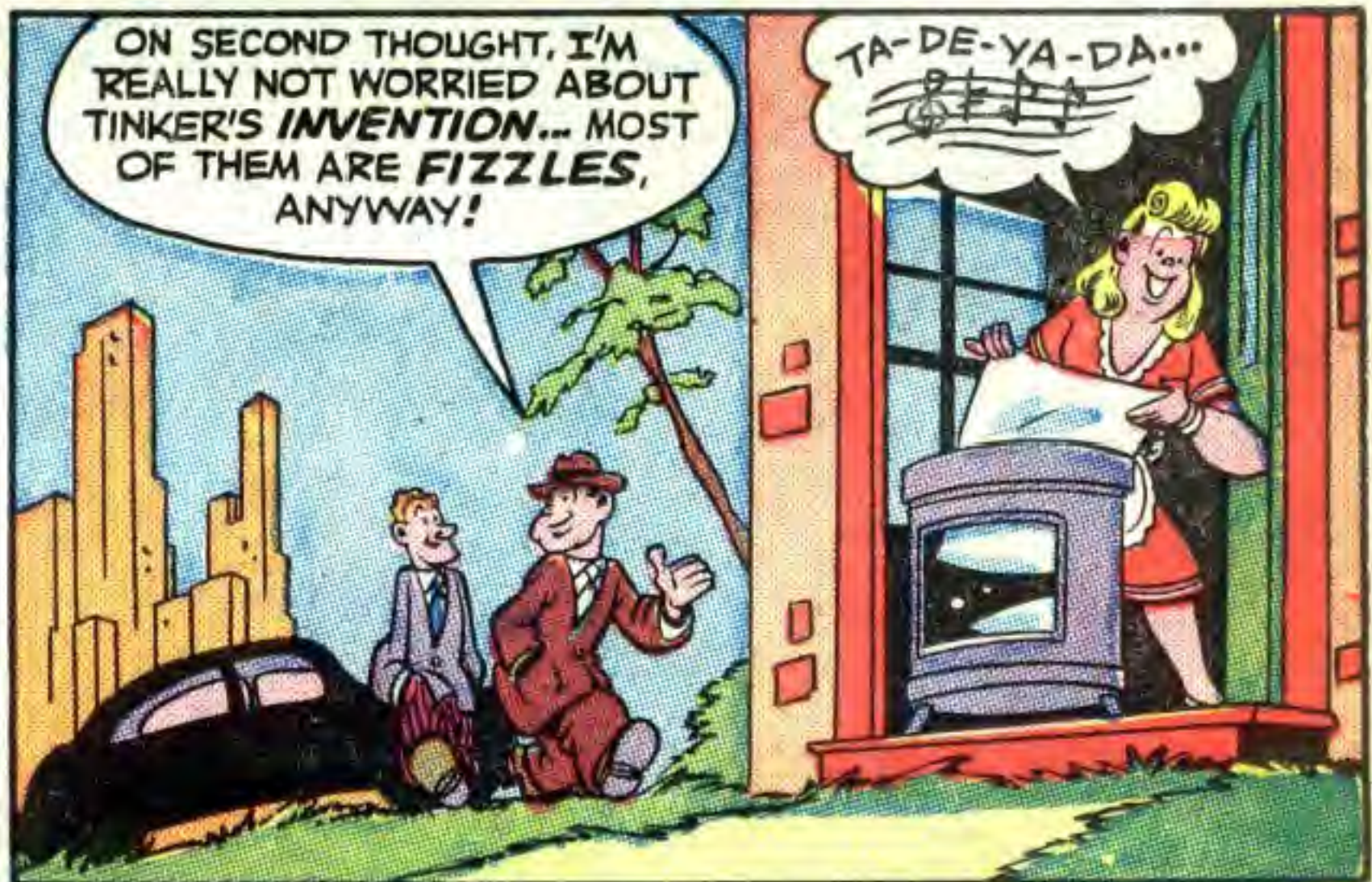
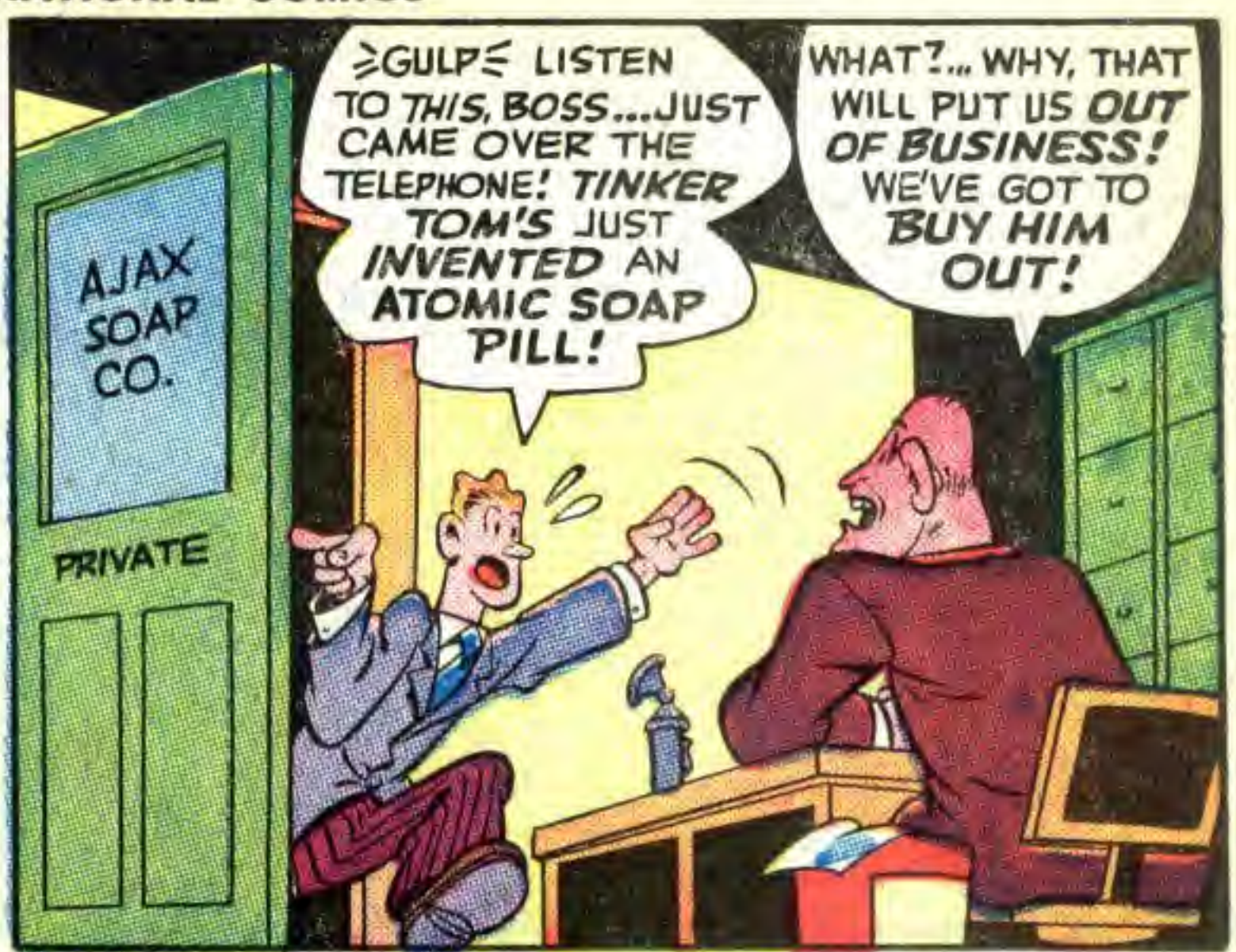
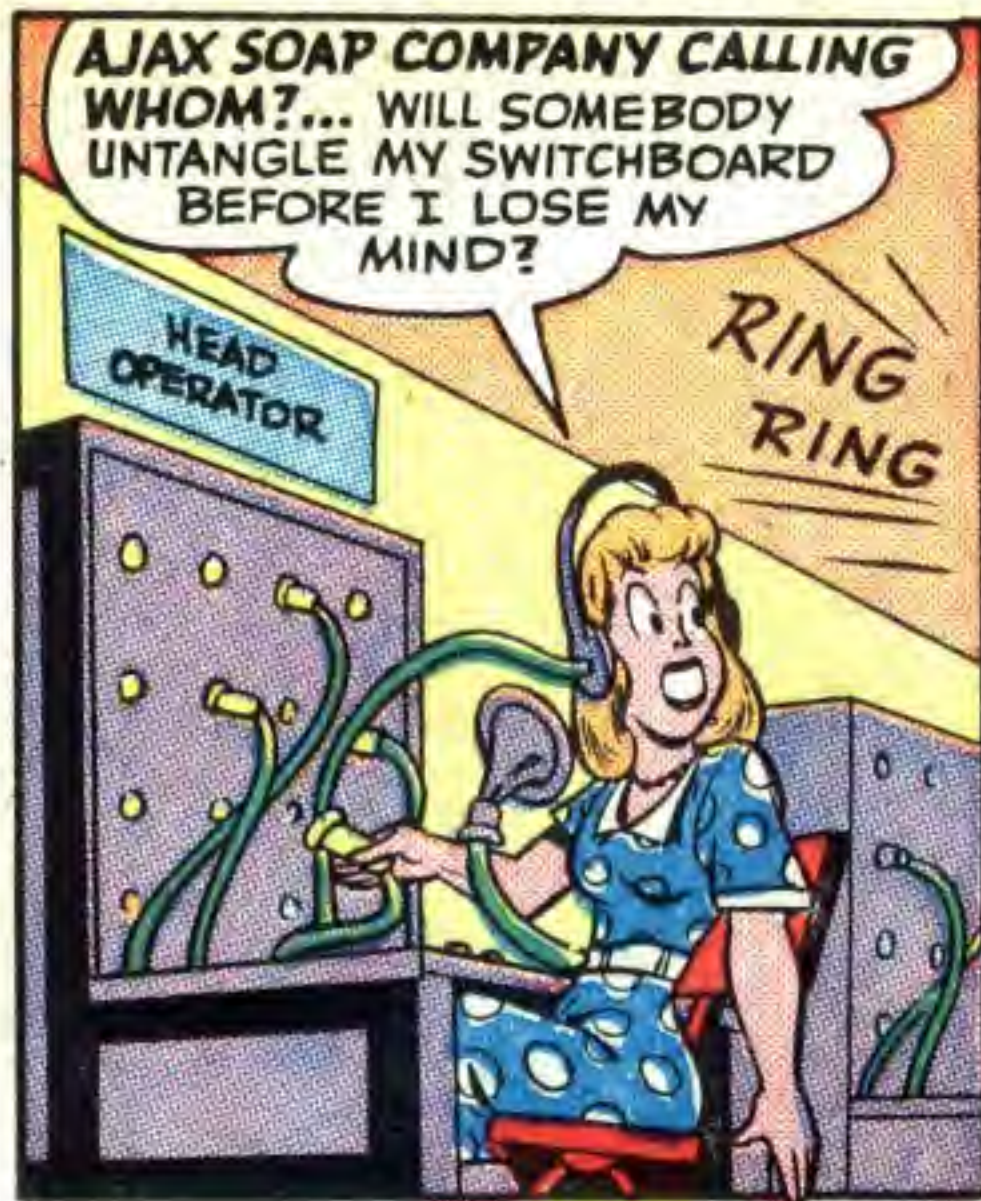
TINKER
HOME
→

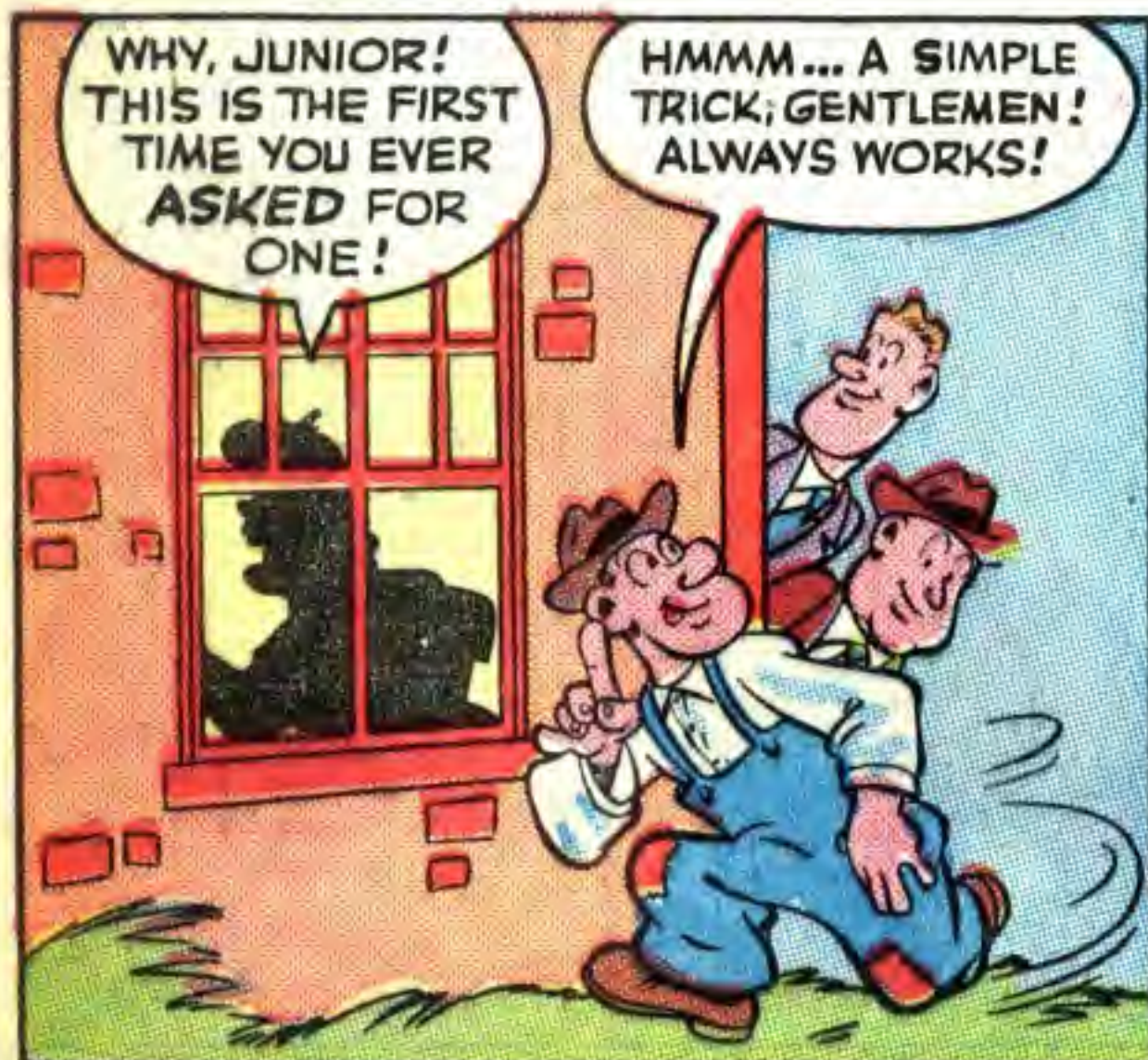
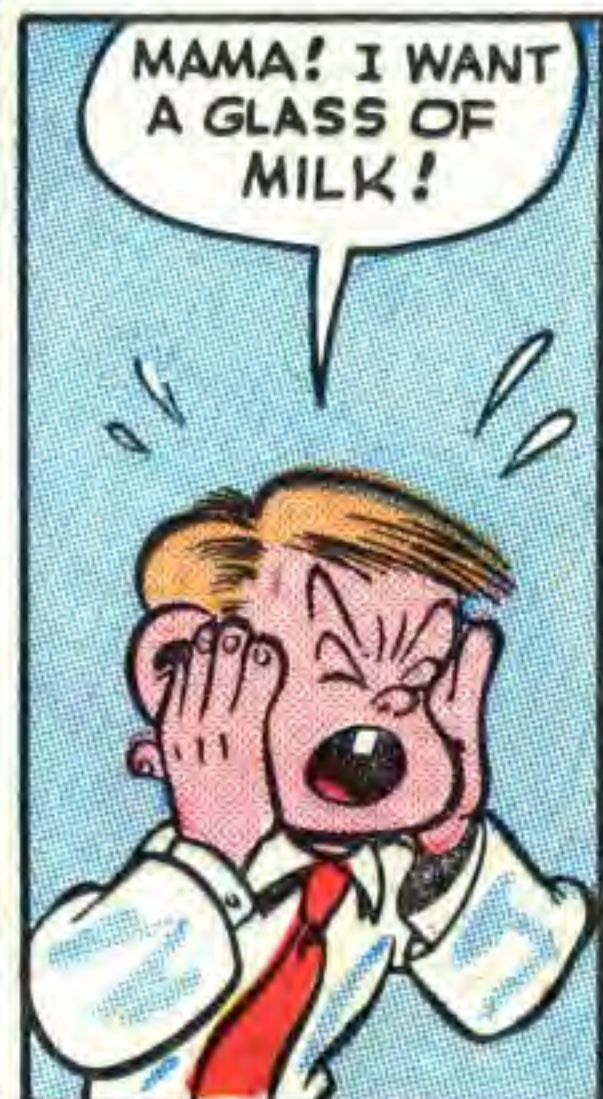
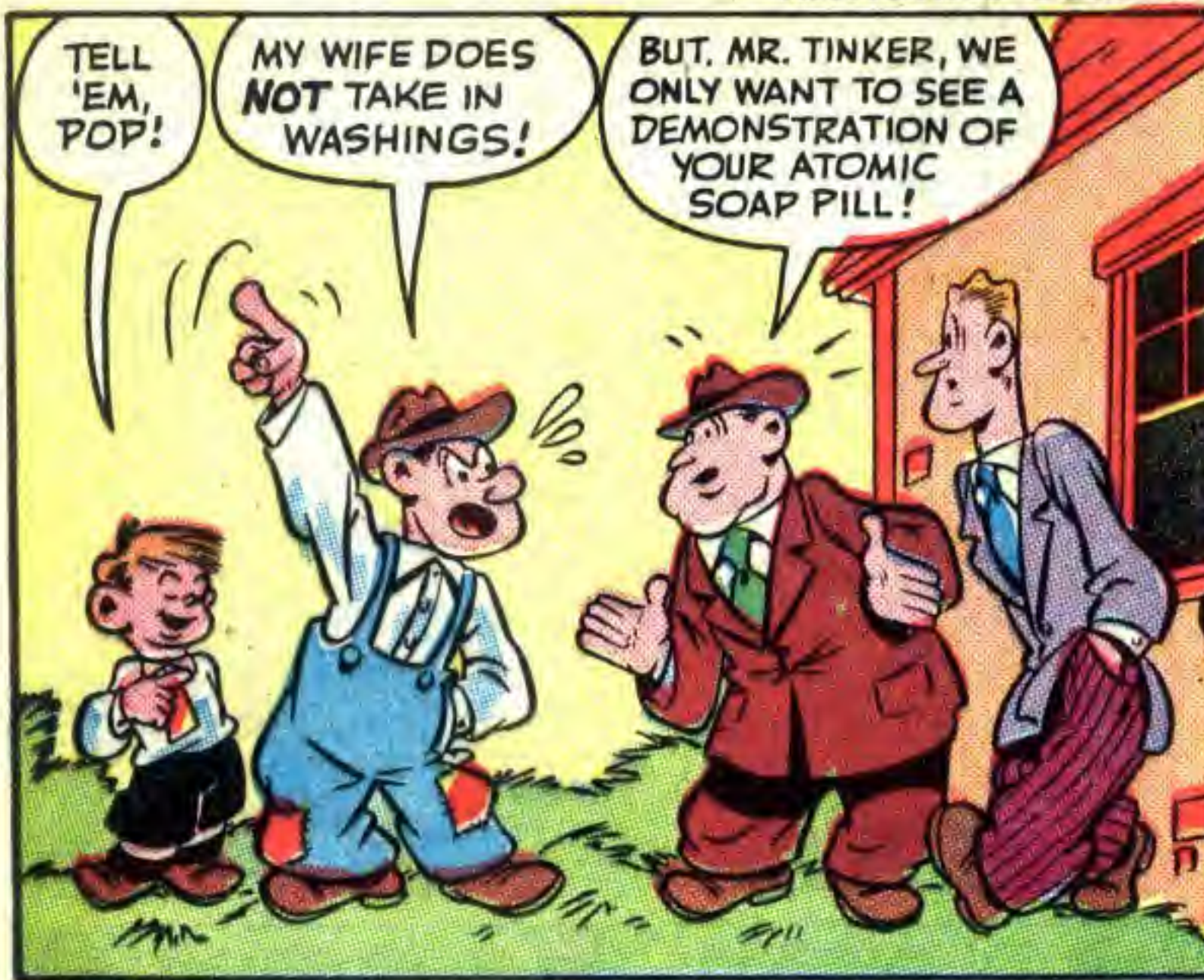
This peaceful suburban house is the
home of the **TINKERS** ... a **QUIET**,
REFINED family... except for **ONE THING**....











FRANKLY, IF THE DEMONSTRATION IS A SUCCESS, YOUR **ATOMIC SOAP PILL** IS WORTH MORE TO US IF WE CAN **SHELVE** THE WHOLE THING! AFTER ALL, WE'RE IN THE **SOAP BUSINESS!**

I'LL LEAVE ALL THE BUSINESS ARRANGEMENTS TO YOU FELLOWS!

ONE ATOMIC PILL HAS THE ENERGY OF **THREE PROTONS**, **ONE ELECTRON**, AND **TWO FIG NEWTONS!**



TAKE \$50⁰⁰ FOR IT?

...AND ONLY THE **SUN** KNOWS THE AMOUNT OF **ENERGY** IN A WHOLE BOX!



HOW ABOUT \$100⁰⁰?

OBSERVE! THE SOAP SUD ATOM IS ENTIRELY SMASHED!



WE'RE READY TO OFFER --- **HEY!**

≥GULP!

ER-- I MUST HAVE SHORT-CIRCUITED THAT ONE ELECTRON!



STOP IT! YOU'LL FLOOD THE CITY!







LASSIE

WONDER WHY ALL STATUES LOOK SO WORRIED?

WELL, I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S WORRYIN' HIM, BUT I KNOW WHAT'S WORRYIN' ME!

IT'S ROBERTA! WE GOT TROUBLES AT OUR HOUSE!

FAUCETS LEAK OR SOMETHIN'?

NO! I HEARD HER TELL ROGER IT'S MONEY TROUBLE... SOMETHIN' ABOUT INVESTMENTS! WE MAY EVEN LOSE OUR HOUSE SHE WAS TRYIN' TO BUY!

CAN'T ROGER LEND HER SOME MONEY TO HELP OUT?

NO, HE DIDN'T GET THE RAISE HE WAS EXPECTIN' AND HAS HIS OWN FAMILY TO TAKE CARE OF! HE'S BUSTED!

IT'S FUNNY -- SOME OF THE LITTLE THINGS THAT WORRY GROWN PEOPLE!

OH, DEAR, IT ISN'T MYSELF I'M THINKING ABOUT -- BUT **LASSIE!** I'D PLANNED EVERYTHING FOR HER EDUCATION AND FUTURE ... AND NOW ... TO HAVE THINGS TURN OUT LIKE **THIS!**

IF THERE WAS ONLY SOMEWHERE I COULD TURN, BUT THE WHOLE THING SEEMS **HOPELESS!**

THERE'S NO ONE IN THE WORLD I COULD BORROW MONEY FROM ... AND IT CERTAINLY ISN'T GOING TO WALK IN THE **FRONT DOOR**

RINGGG!

A TELEGRAM FOR **ME?**

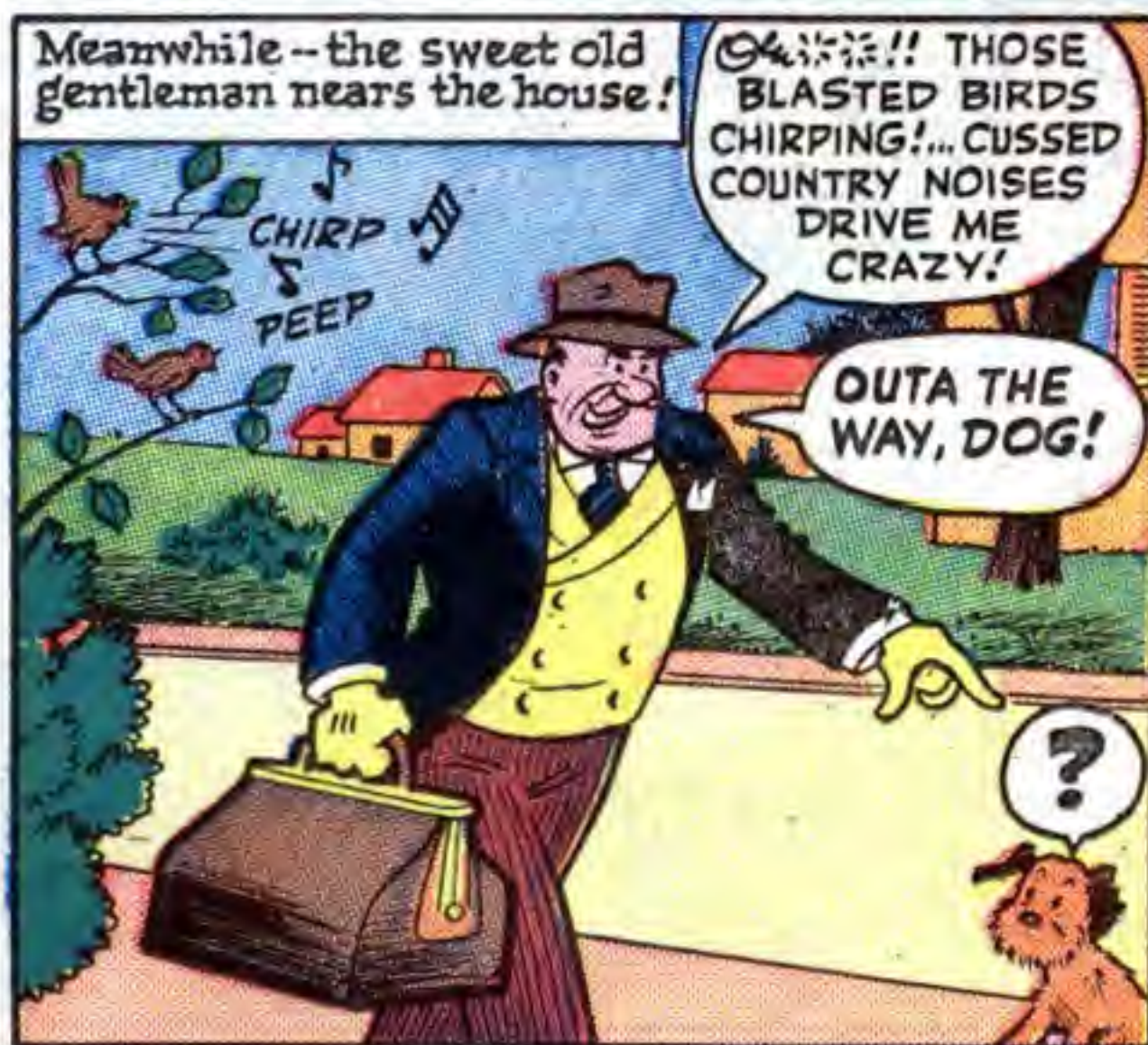
YES, SIGN HERE, PLEASE!

WELL, CAN YOU IMAGINE **THIS?**

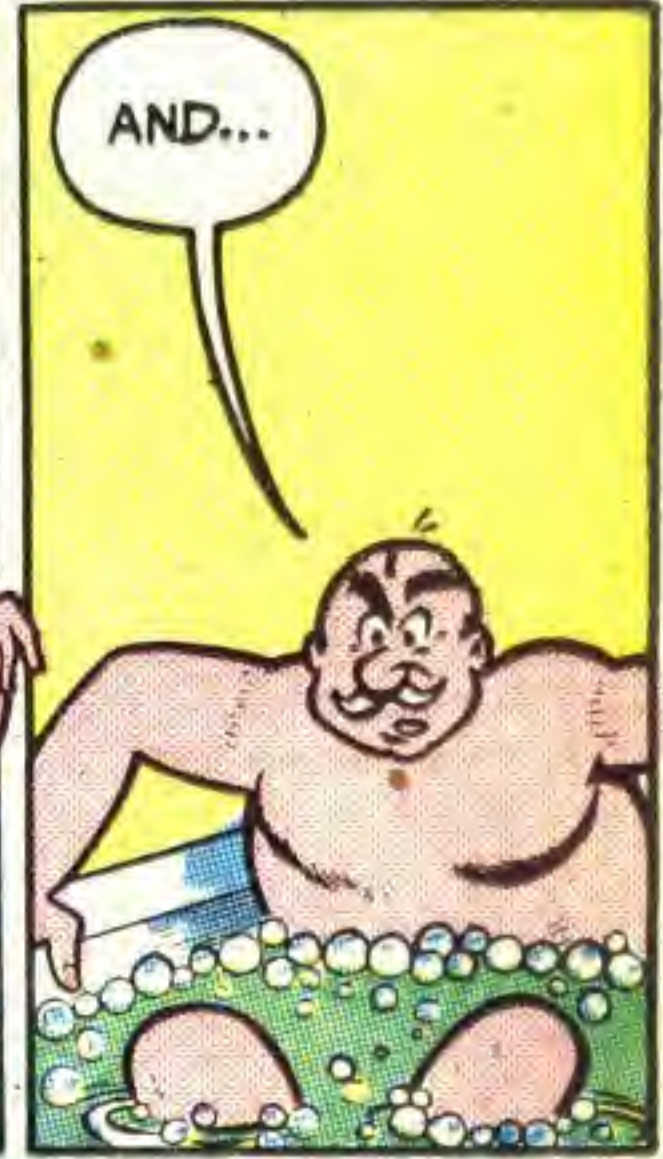
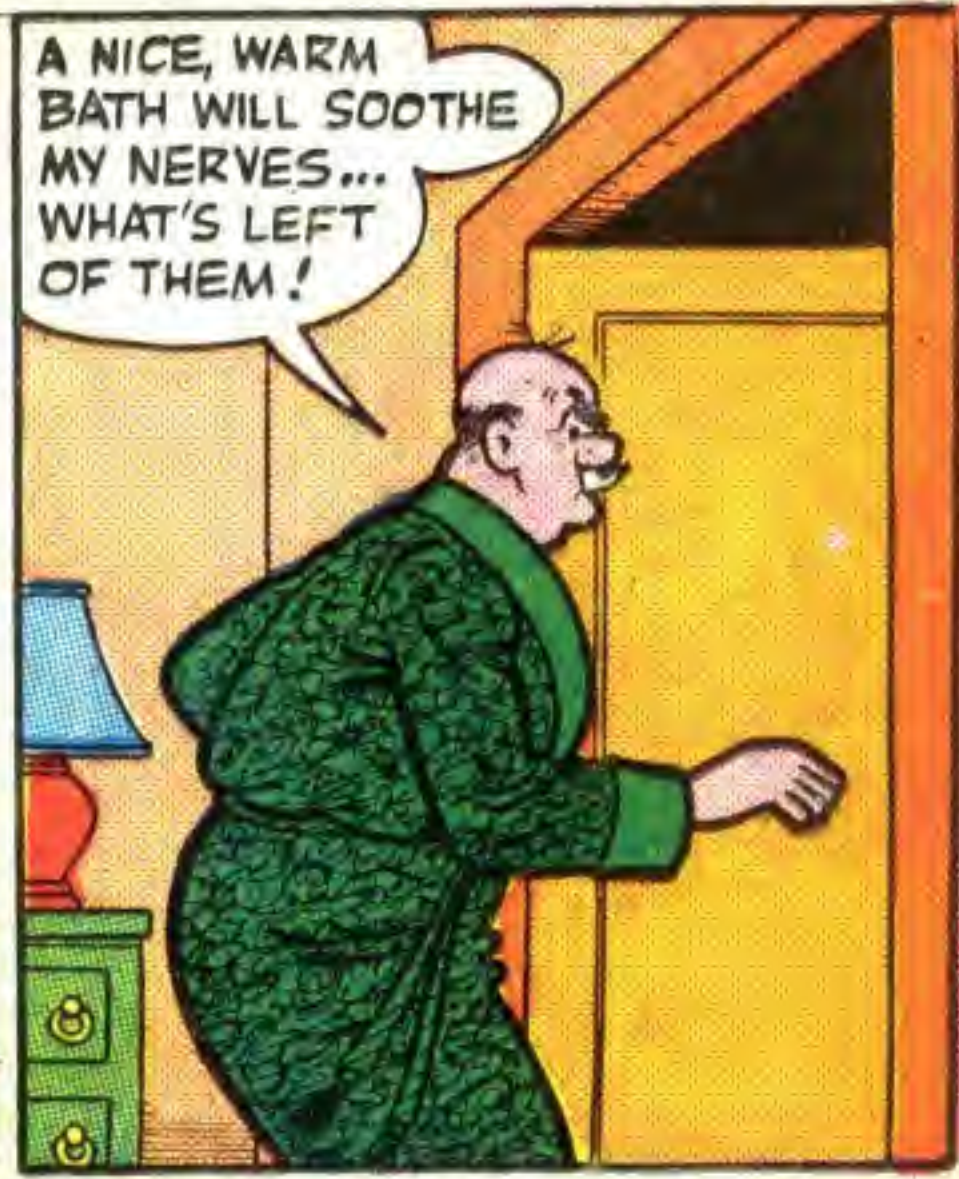
"WILL ARRIVE ON FOUR O'CLOCK TRAIN FOR SHORT VISIT. DON'T MEET ME. I CAN TAKE CARE OF MYSELF EVEN IF FOOL DOCTOR DOES SAY I NEED CHANGE TO HOME ATMOSPHERE AND YOU ONLY PERSON I CAN THINK OF, **UNCLE BALTHAZAR.**"

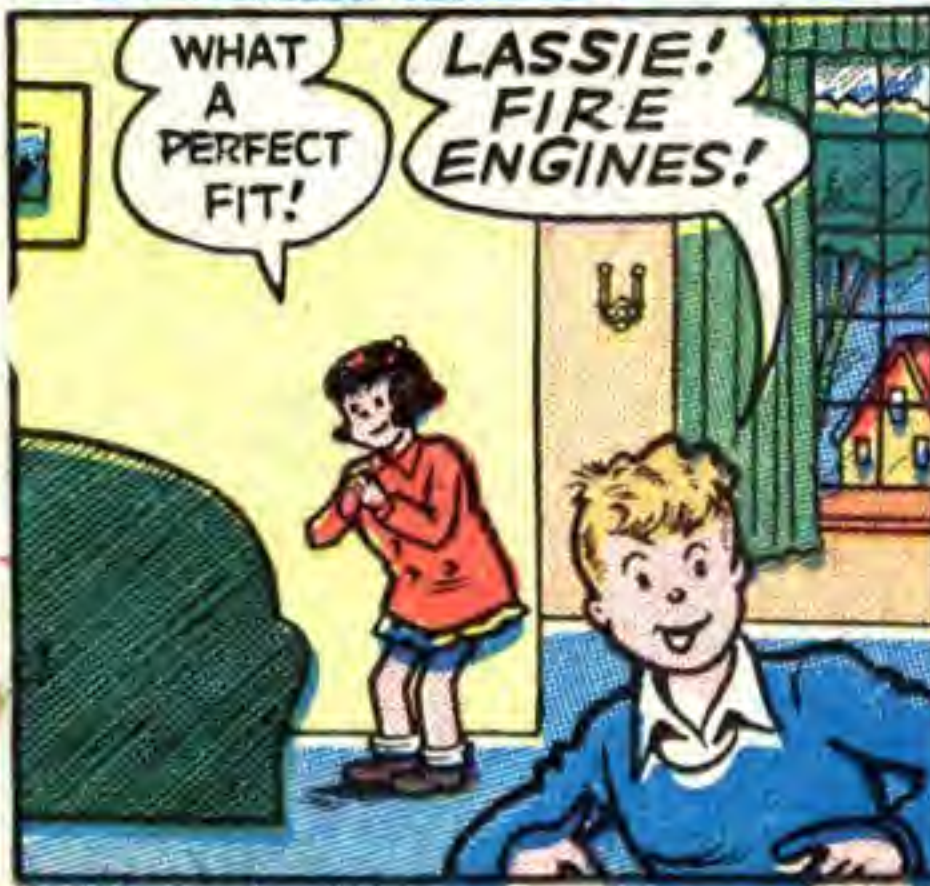
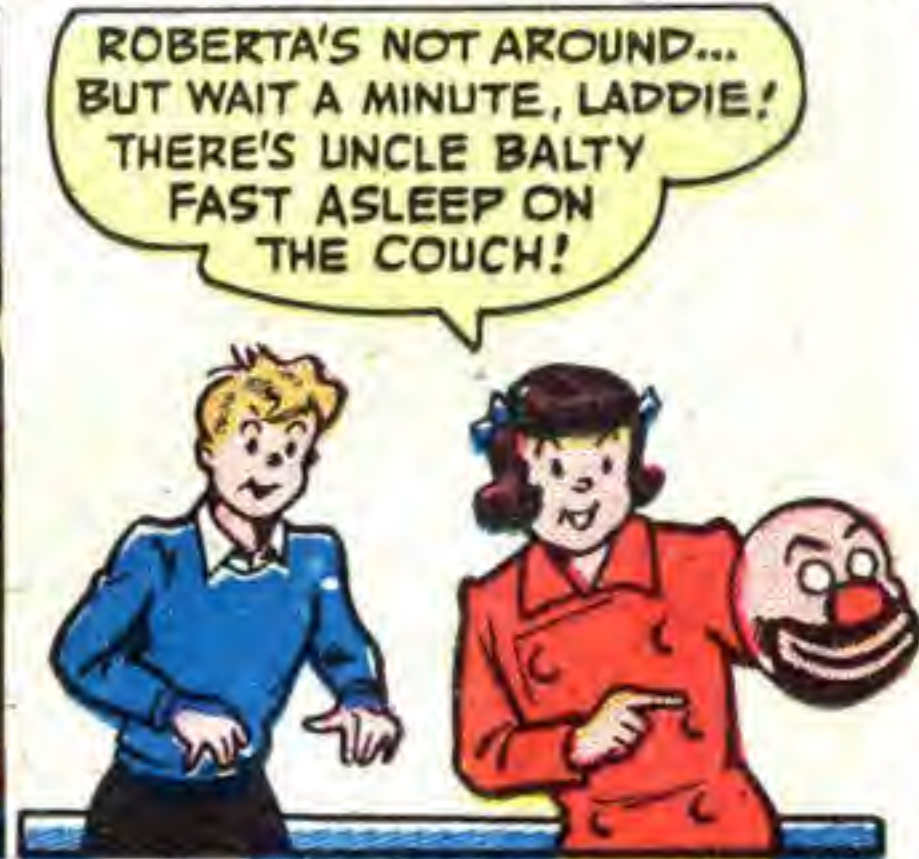
UNCLE BALTY! I HAVEN'T SEEN HIM SINCE I WAS **LASSIE'S** AGE, BUT I MUST BE THE ONLY RELATION HE HAS LEFT WHOM HE HASN'T FOUGHT WITH OR HATES ... BUT ... BUT ... HE'S WORTH A **MILLION DOLLARS!**

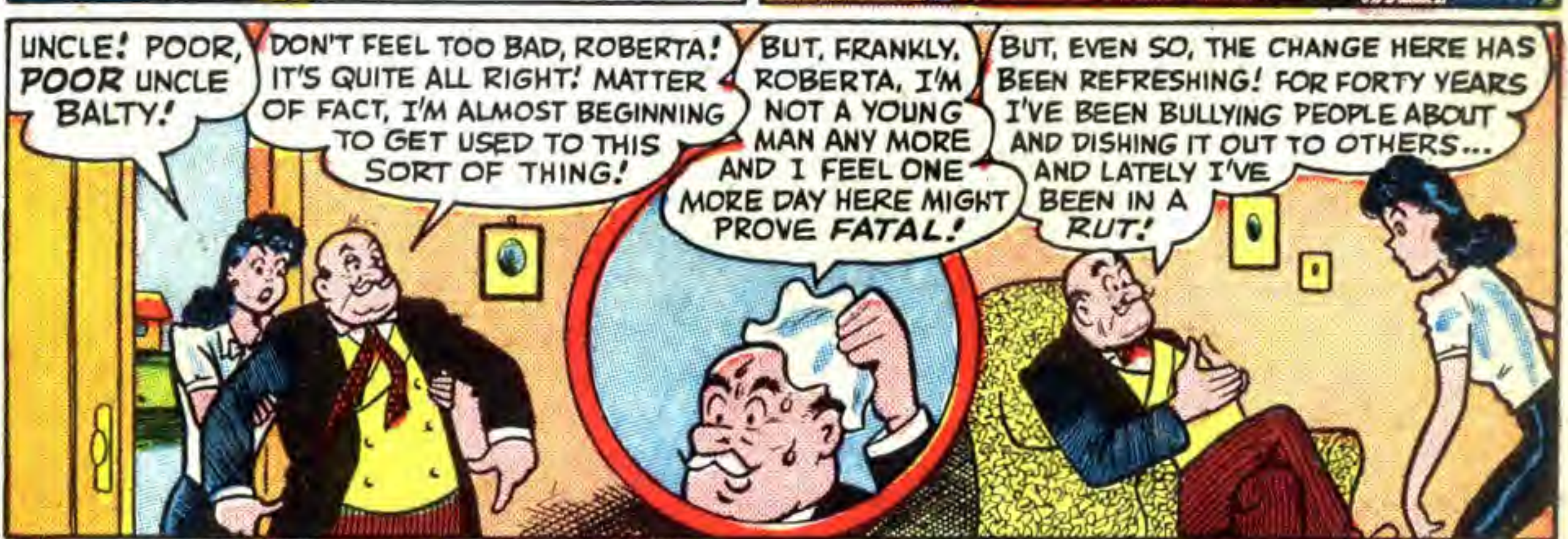
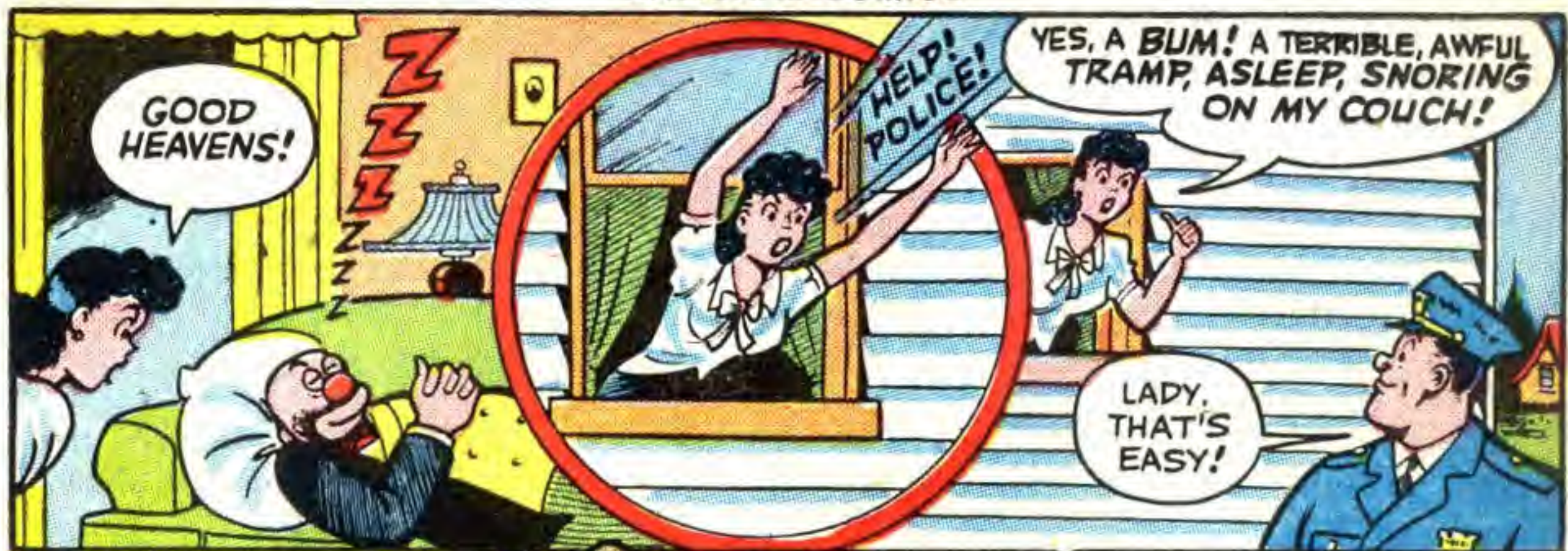
AND I SAID A LOAN OF MONEY COULDN'T WALK IN THE FRONT **DOOR!** WELL, IT MAY ... **IT STILL MAY!**











THE TRAP

GHOST-LIKE tendrils of mist writhed upward from the swamp, seeming to grapple with the staggering figure of Benson Galt. The tendrils thickened as the sun sank lower, becoming a gray shroud that cloaked Galt.

Once he fell and for a long moment lay still, his breath coming in wheezing jerks. But the cold swamp water quickly soaked his thin clothes and made him shiver. With an effort he clambered to his feet and surged forward. He *had* to keep going. They could not be far behind . . . he had heard the hounds baying once.

Now he heard them again, far off, but on his trail. Fear-haze clouded Benson's red-rimmed feverish eyes. His plodding footsteps, growing ever slower, made sucking, gurgling noises in the awful mud. Sometimes he cried out as the clinging slime held his feet, not letting him go. Holding him, like those walls of gray stones had held him fettered for five long years.

Five years! Galt cursed with the little breath he had left, and swiped at the buzzing mosquitoes that swarmed about his head in a cloud. This awful swamp!

Benson Galt remembered a long time back, when he was only a boy, and he had run off from home to make his fortunes in the world. He had been only nine years old then, but at that early age he was a headstrong boy. He had be-

come lost in the swamp and the men found him three days later, almost starved and with a high fever. That had cured Benson of running away for a long time.

Then his father and uncle had got into trouble, and once again he had left home—this time to stay away. That was when he was sixteen.

Six years had passed since that wonderful day. He had not seen his parents since. Nor any of his family. But he had not worried about that. None of them cared about him anyway.

Six years ago. And five of them had been spent in prison! It took Benson only a short time, after leaving home, to get in with bad company. Real crooks, Benson thought he was a big shot. He felt he could take care of himself in any situation. He was smart.

Smart! Bah! That reminded him of what the cops were always saying: "Smart guy, huh? Yeah, he's a smart one!"

How he hated cops! There had been one very meddlesome copper who had got in Benson's way one night when he was doing a little "job." That cop wasn't alive today. But another one had got the drop on Benson later and . . . life followed. A lifetime in prison!

Only—there was the catch—he had stayed but five years of his sentence. Because of Blackie Doane. Blackie had planned the break. Blackie had

shot the guard. Benson had fled the prison with Blackie. On the outside they had separated, each going his own way.

Well, they wouldn't catch him again! No. Benson had no intention of being caught and going back to that slave mill.

He began laughing inanely, only to catch himself up suddenly. He cursed. Was he going batty? He stumbled, almost falling. And then his feet slipped into a deep bog. The slimy ooze came up to his waist. Benson nearly screamed with fear of the catastrophe. He labored ten minutes wriggling out, and he was winded.

He sat for a moment on a great cypress root and panted from his exertion. His head rang with sounds he could not recognize. A great clanging. No, it wasn't that; more like a hooting. . . .

Benson leaped up with a wild cry. Great heaven, the noise he heard was the prison siren! He hadn't heard it for more than an hour, having left it far behind. Or had he? He could hear it now, seemingly close by. He had come in a great circle. He darted off into the darkening cypress, slogging through the stinking marsh in wavering, blundering strides.

The hooting grew dimmer. He was pulling away. The fever grew upon Benson Galt as the night wore on. He was so tired that he scarcely made any progress now. His feet felt like lead things, weighting him

down farther into the mud. Each step was a painful eternity of pulling, straining, while his breath came in gasps.

The bloodhounds kept their noses to the marshy terrain, making sure progress on Galt's trail. At times they lifted their forlorn looking muzzles and bayed, telling the guards behind them that they were on the job and the quarry was ahead.

Then, two hours before dawn, the dogs halted, baffled. Foot-deep water lay ahead. And at its edge Galt's foot-steps ended. It was a poser. The dogs ran this way and that, noses close to the weeds. The armed guards came up with them, saw their dilemma.

"Hunt him, boys," said the leader. "Go around the water and pick up his trail, Bonzo, that's a good dog!"

Bonzo, the best trailer in the pack, lifted his great head and bayed loudly. Then he dashed off.

"Old Bonzo'll find the trail," said the man who had spoken first. "He won't get away. He got a lucky break with this open water."

The sun came up, and still Bonzo and the other dogs kept on the search of Galt's lost trail. It had completely vanished. The guards became a bit alarmed. This was a great tract of water, hundreds of acres in extent. It would take the dogs a long time to encircle the water.

It was near noon now, and both dogs and guards were far from the prison, still searching for the trail of their escaped prisoner.

Galt opened his eyes. He had been lying on his back

at the foot of a cypress knee. He felt frozen. Oh, for a fire! And some food. Hot food. But it was out of the question. There wasn't a house within miles. The swamp stretched for many miles in every direction. He was completely lost now.

He got up, stretched his cramped muscles, and felt the need of a drink. He looked around. There was water everywhere, but it was stagnant, putrid marsh water. It was foul, poisonous.

It began to rain toward noon, a steady downpour that drenched and felt like ice. Benson Galt shivered and tried to get some warmth out of hurrying. But he couldn't hurry. He stumbled and fell, getting mud in his eyes. The vile taste of it was in his mouth as he came groggily to his feet once more. On—on—

One thing kept running through Galt's hazy mind: he had outwitted the dogs and guards back there where the water began. They'd have a hard time finding his trail. And now with the rain falling there wouldn't be a chance. He was safe. Safe?

Well, if he never found his way out of this swamp he was better off than in prison. He fell again and lay still for a long time. He was weaker than he had thought upon awakening. No food was telling on his strength. Just a little rest and he'd get up and go on.

Galt fell into a doze, to come out of it suddenly when a great crane flapped its wings and rose into the air. That scared him. He had actually been asleep.

Galt got to his feet some-

how. Stumbling and staggering, he plunged along through the weeping trees, feeling a great weight bearing him down. He was done for. He couldn't go on much longer. Strange sounds were in his head—ringings and hootings. Strange scenes fled across his bleared vision—childhood scenes; his father and uncle fighting; his mother feeding him; his first stickup, when he had to bash the old man's head in because he thought he was going to yell for the cops.

Galt laughed, making a terrible sound. The old fool had fallen at his feet, but the cops never pinned that one on him!

As if in a dream, Galt felt his feet on soft ground. Dry ground. Pine needles. He smelled the fragrant pine. But he couldn't see now. He stumbled and fell on his hands and knees. Then he began crawling along in this fashion. He had gone only a short distance when something terrible snapped and gripped his right arm. He screamed with the pain of it, then fainted.

They found him there, gripped in the jaws of a heavy cougar trap. His arm would have to come off, but he was going back to prison afterward.

"Funny about Galt's capture," said one of the guards later. "I'm not superstitious, but—that trap."

"Well, what about it?" another asked. "Nothing so funny about gettin' caught in a cougar trap."

"But you see," said the guard, "that trap belonged to Benson Galt's father. He'd set it to catch a—"

"Skunk," filled in another.

DRAKE!
COME HERE!

MAC
SHANE
EDITOR

The WHISTLER

DAILY RECORD
**ANOTHER
NAMESAKE
MURDER!**

YOU WANT
ME, BOSS?

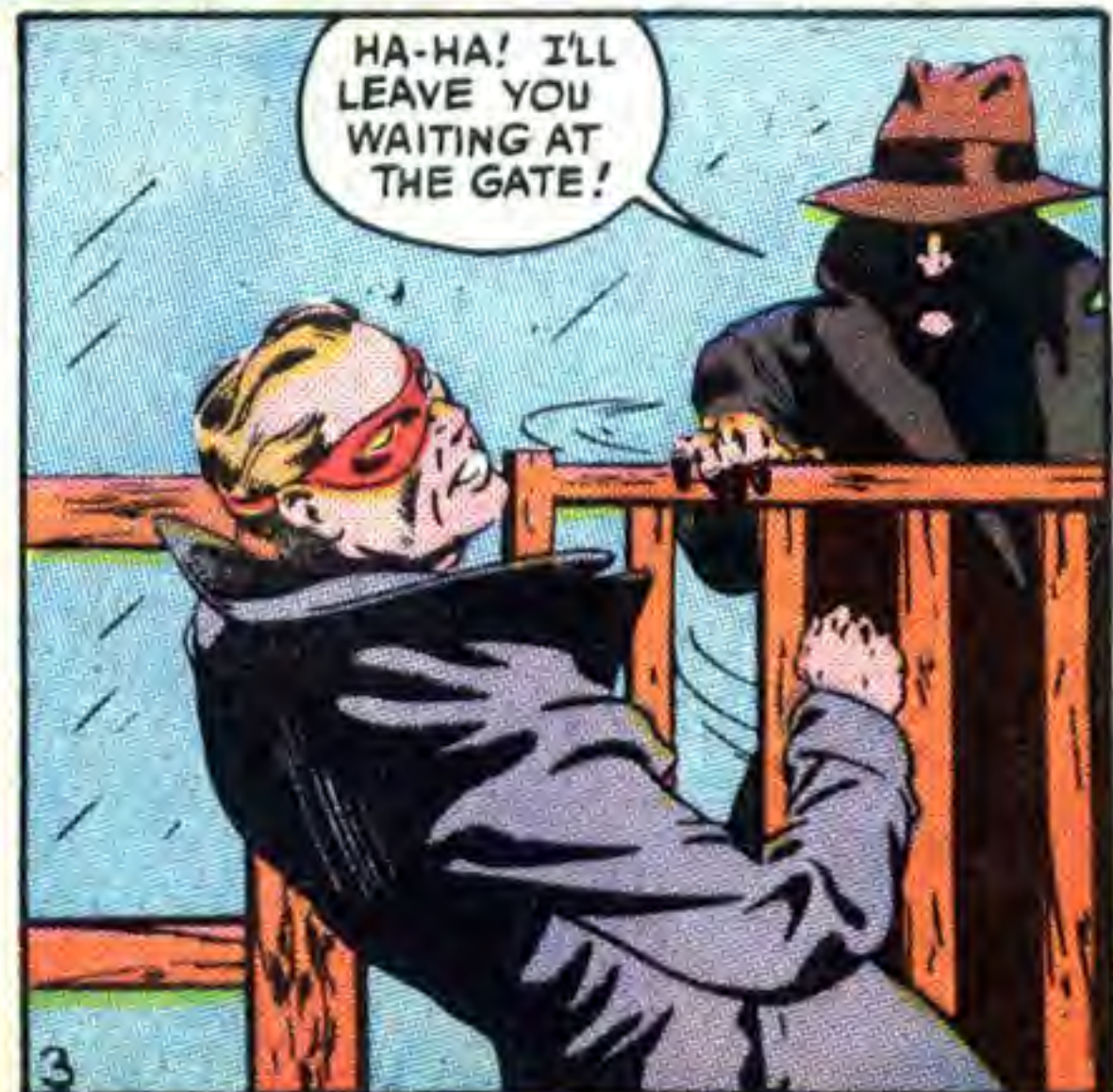
YOU'RE
THE ONLY
REPORTER
AROUND! I
JUST GOT A
TIP ON THE
NAMESAKE
MURDERS!

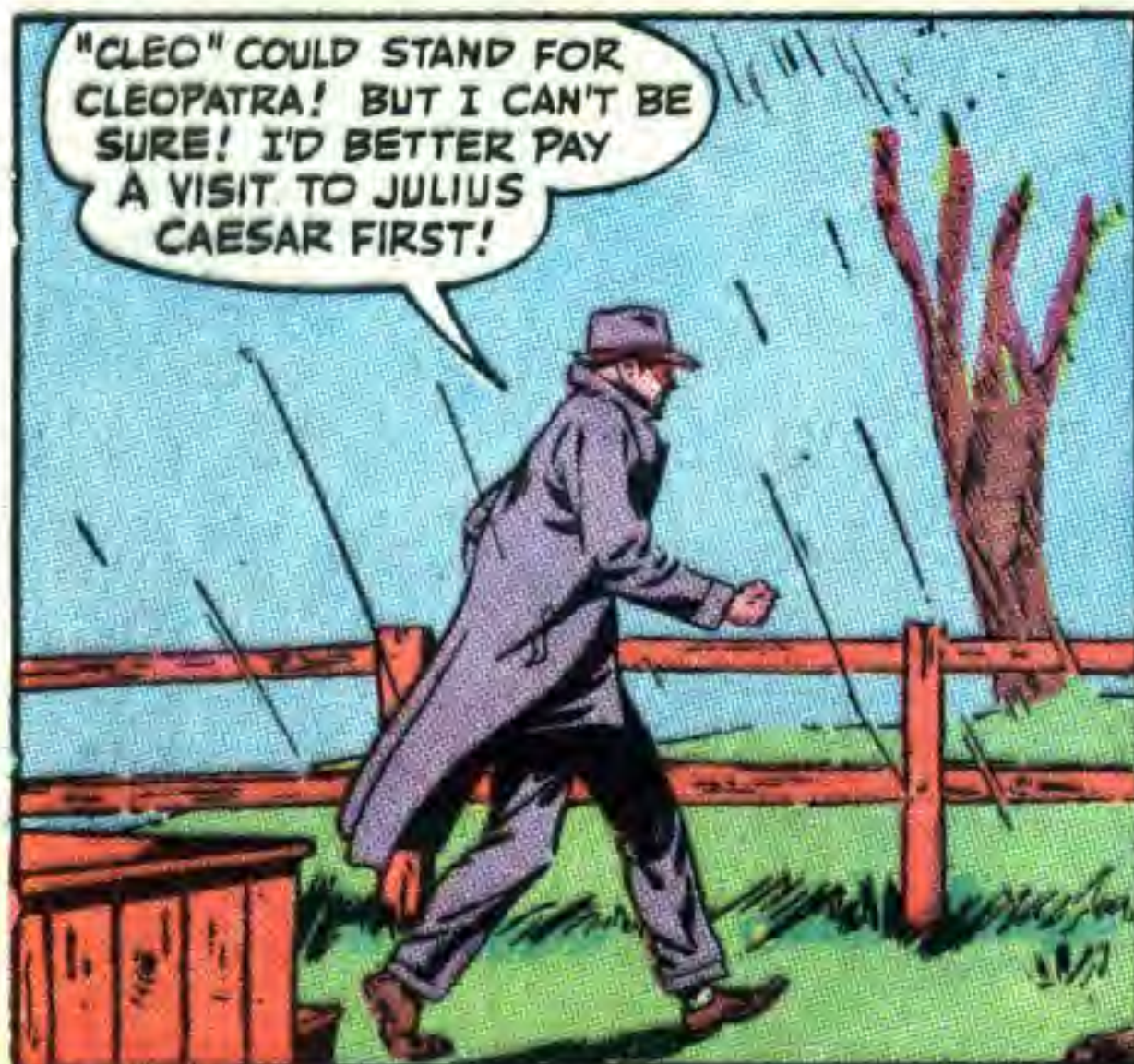
TWO MEN HAVE DIED ALREADY
--JUST AS DID THEIR FAMOUS
NAMESAKES! NATHAN HALE,
THE BANKER, WAS FOUND
DEAD BY HANGING! AND
SAMSON WAS KILLED BY
A FALLING ROOF!

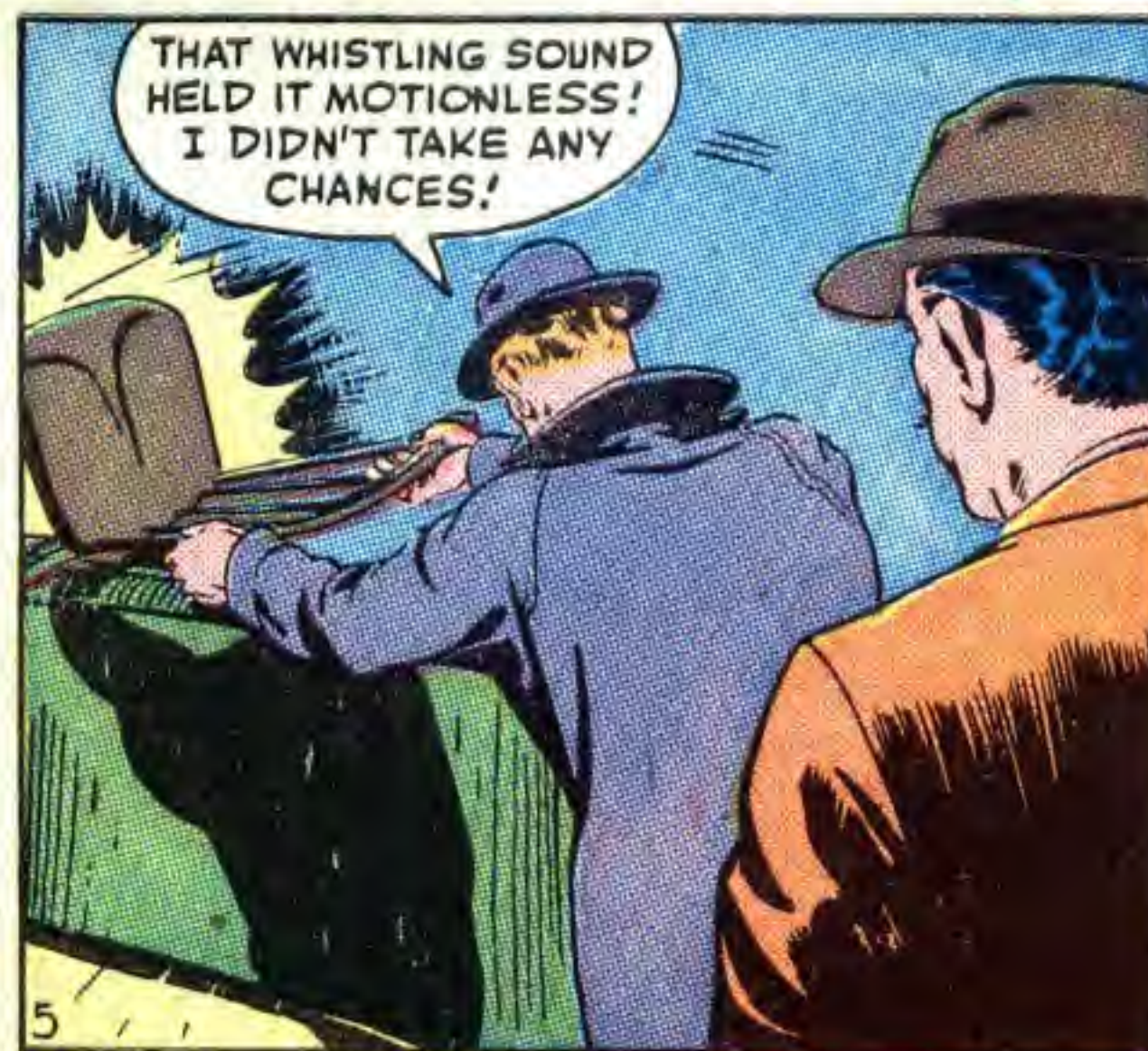
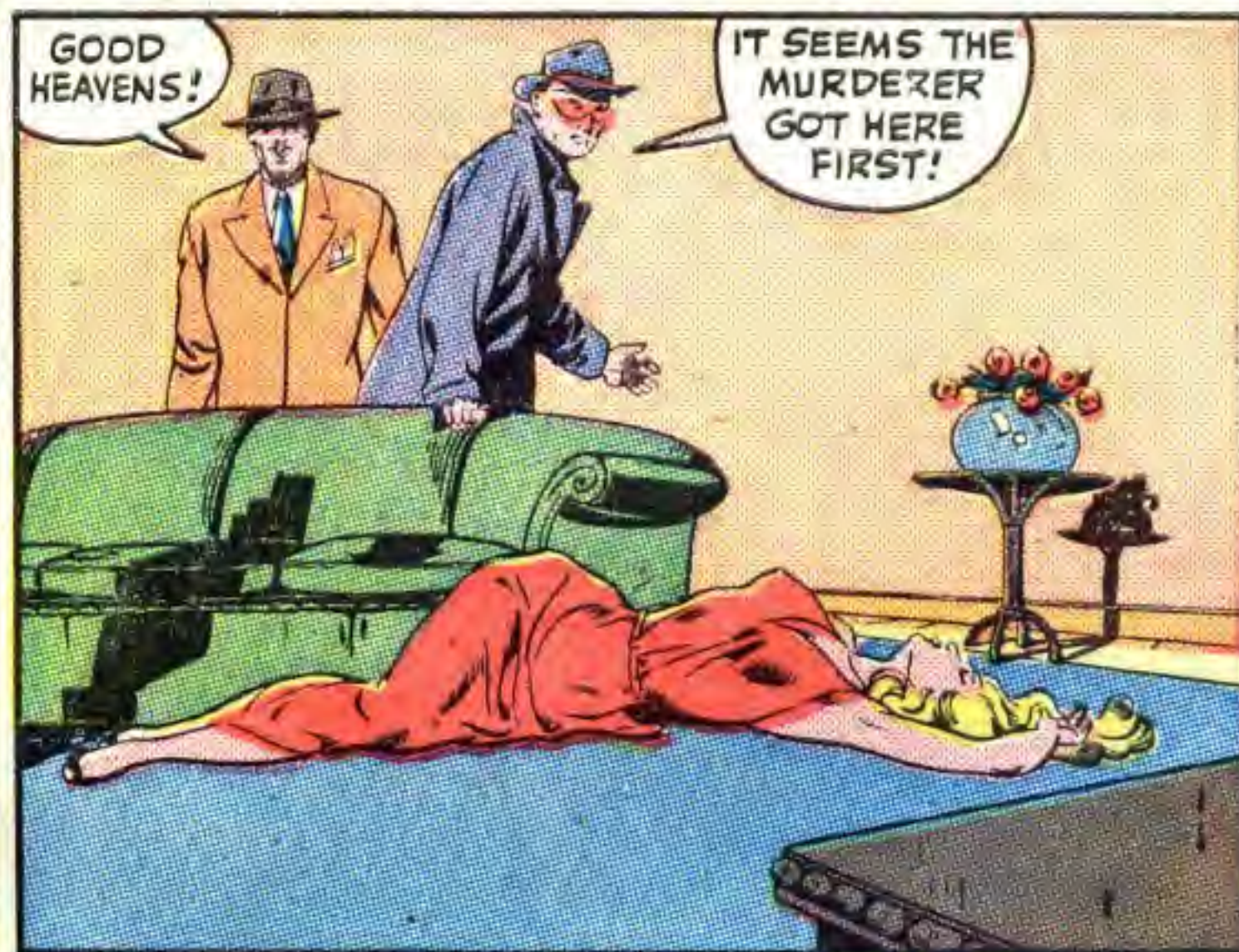
THAT'S JUST HOW
NATHAN HALE AND
SAMSON DIED--OR
SO THE HISTORY
BOOKS YOU DON'T
READ WOULD
TELL YOU!

ALL RIGHT, SO
I'M A LOWBROW!
WHAT'S THE
SPECIAL
EDITION
NEWS TIP?











QUICKSILVER

13

What is BEYOND?????
Quicksilver dares the
curse of The
Thirteenth Floor....



The Mycroft Apartments -- you'd say the building was like most others -- unless your eyes and brain were as curious as Quicksilver's

TWELVE STORIES -- YES -- BUT THE ROOF'S AWFULLY THICK OR SOMETHING! I WONDER



THIRTEENTH FLOOR, PLEASE!

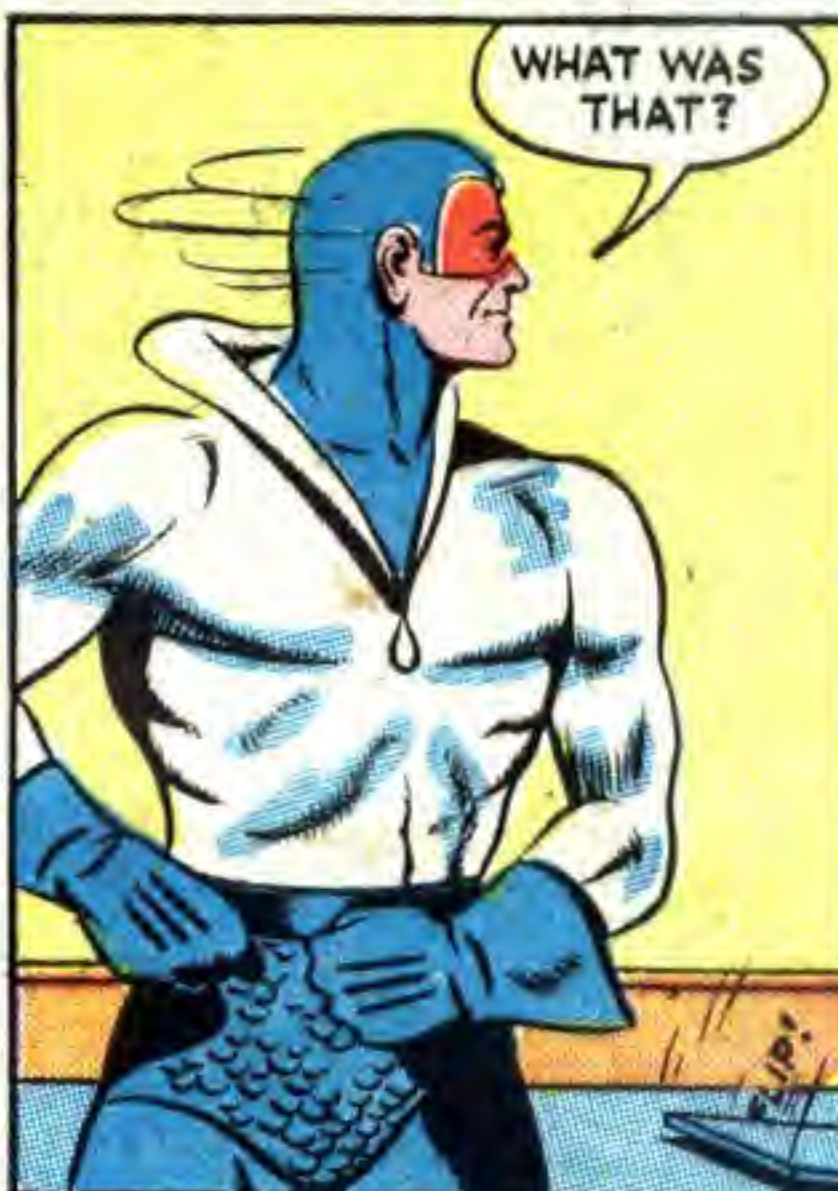
ARE YOU KIDDING, MISTER? THERE ARE ONLY TWELVE FLOORS!



MY MISTAKE! TWELFTH FLOOR, THEN!

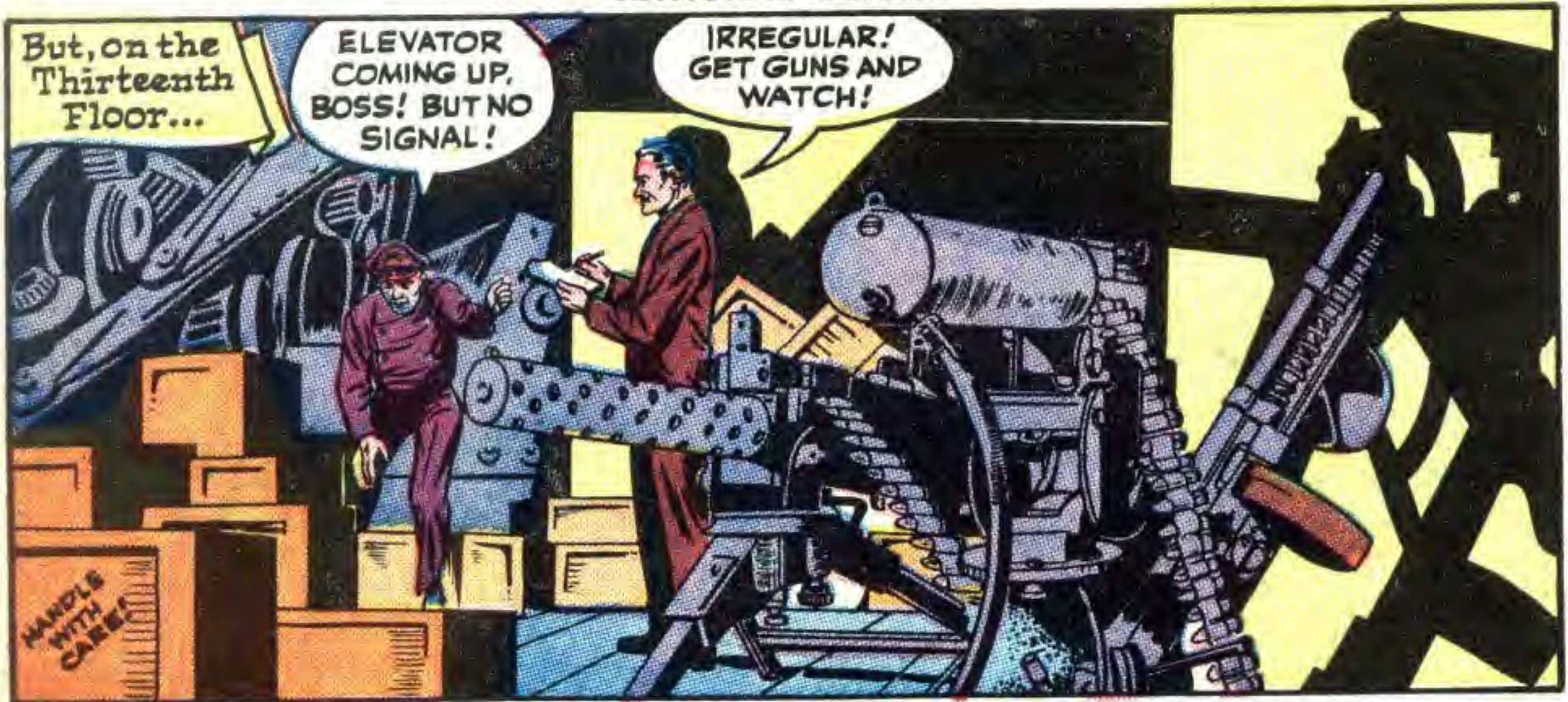
FUNNY SUIT -- FUNNY TALK -- I GET IT! INITIATION INTO SOME SORTA LODGE!











But, on the Thirteenth Floor...

ELEVATOR COMING UP, BOSS! BUT NO SIGNAL!

IRREGULAR! GET GUNS AND WATCH!



WHAT, MORE GUNS?

THIS WAS THE SNOOPER I SPOKE ABOUT, BOSS -- THE ONE I TOOK TO THE ROOF!



THE ELEVATOR OPERATOR! --AND THE MANAGER! SO YOUR HIDDEN FLOOR IS PART OF THE MYCROFT APARTMENTS' ACTIVITY!

YES, INDEED! MAYBE YOU'D LIKE TO LOOK AROUND BEFORE THE ENTERTAINMENT BEGINS!



WE SERVICE THE *SPECIAL WEAPONS* OF THE CITY'S GANGS! ... GET A BIG CUT BECAUSE OF OUR EXPERTNESS!

IT JUST GOES TO SHOW YOU HOW CRIME IS ORGANIZED!



THESE GUNS DON'T SEEM TO WORRY YOU!

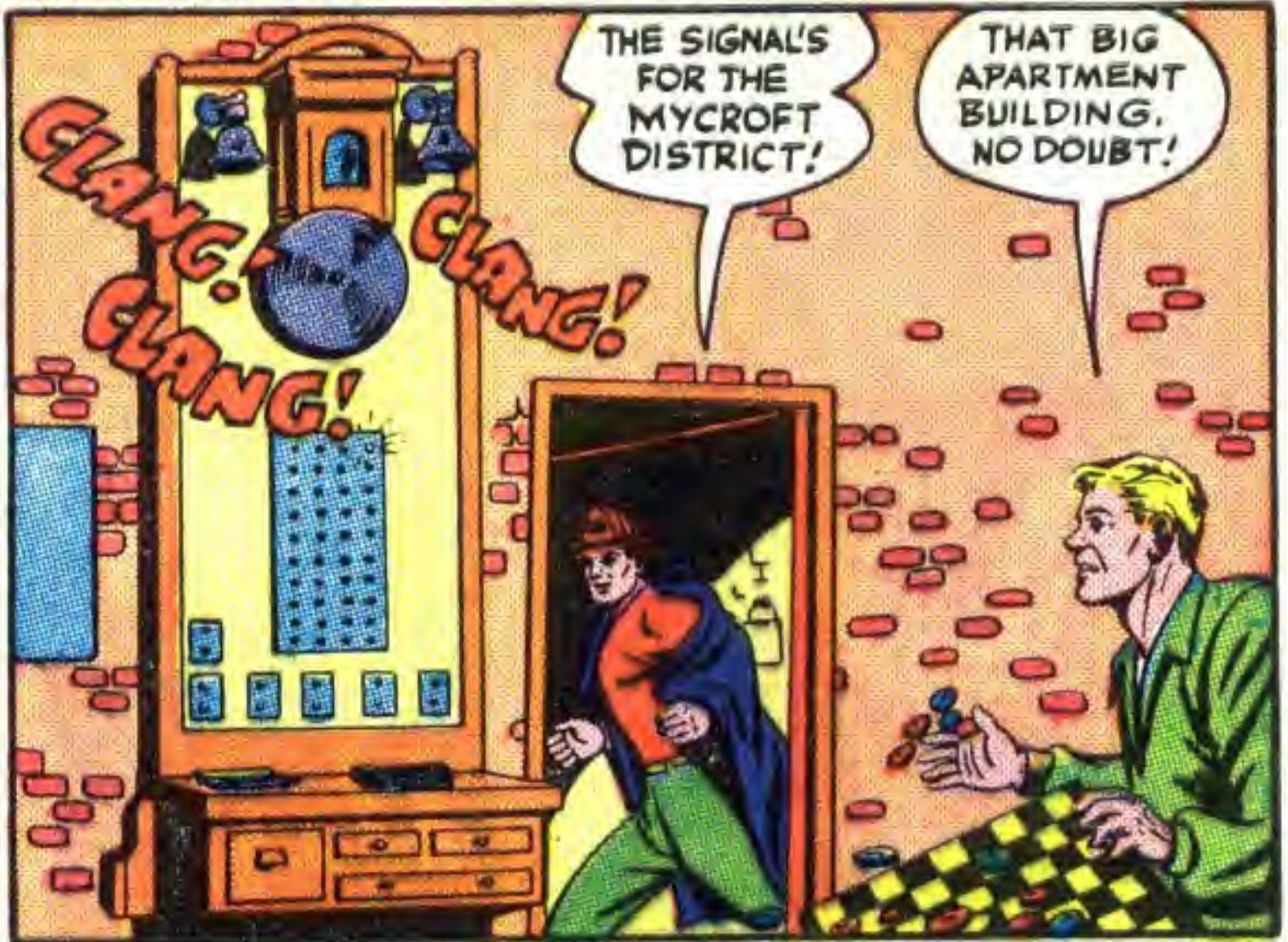
OH, NOT A BIT! TWO OF YOUR OTHER ASSOCIATES BEHAVED SIMILARLY AND HAVEN'T WAKENED TO REGRET IT!



LET ME BUMP OFF THIS LOUD-MOUTH RIGHT NOW!

OH, HE SHOULD DIE USEFULLY! -- STAND OVER THERE!

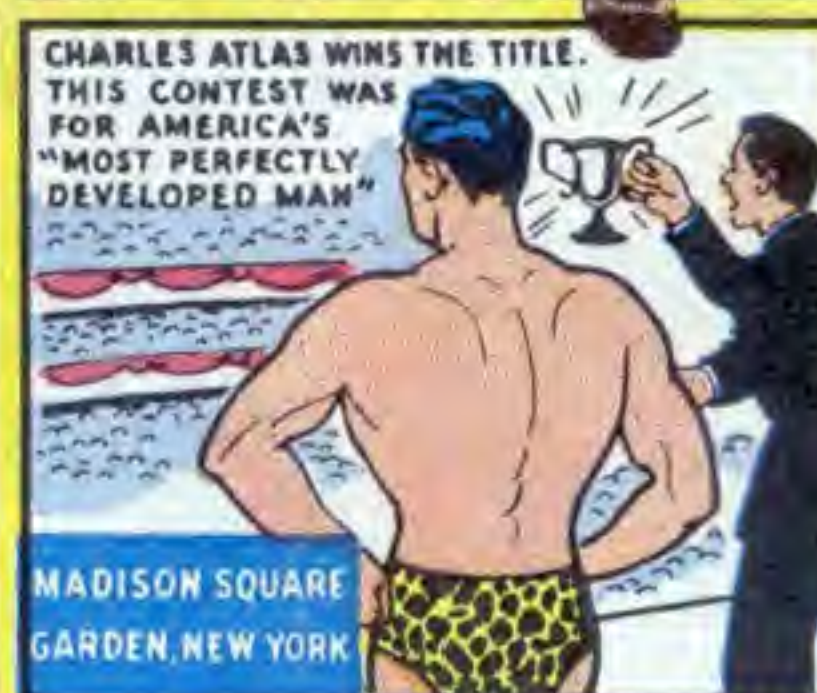




HOW A 97-Lb. WEAKLING

Became the **WORLD'S MOST PERFECTLY DEVELOPED MAN**

The inspiring story of
CHARLES ATLAS



—actual photo of the man who holds the title "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

I Can Make You A New Man, Too, In Only 15 Minutes A Day!

If you're the way I USED to be—if you are skinny and feel only half-alive—if the better jobs pass you by—if you're in the service, but are being "pushed around"—if you're ashamed to strip for sports or a swim—and if you want a HE-MAN's body—then give me just 15 minutes a day! I'll PROVE you can have a build you'll be PROUD of! "Dynamic Tension" will do it for you, too! That's how I changed my own build into such perfect proportions that famous sculptors and artists have paid me to pose for them. My body won me the title, "World's Most Perfectly Developed Man." And now I can give you solid, beautiful, USEFUL muscle wherever YOU want it!

"DYNAMIC TENSION" Does It!

In only 15 minutes a day, "Dynamic Tension" can bulk up your chest, broaden your back, All out your arms and legs. Before you know it, this easy, NATURAL method will make you a

New Man! In fact, I GUARANTEE you'll start seeing results in the first 7 days!

I give you no gadgets or contraptions to fool with. You simply utilize the UNDEVELOPED muscle-power in your own God-given body—almost unconsciously every minute of the day—walking, bending over, etc.—to BUILD MUSCLE and VITALITY. And it's so easy; my secret, "Dynamic Tension," does the trick!

FREE BOOK

Thousands of fellows in every branch of the service as well as civilians have used my "Dynamic Tension" to change themselves into real HE-MEN! Read what they say—see how they looked before and after—in my book—free. Tells all about "Dynamic Tension," shows actual photos of men I've turned from puny weaklings into Atlas Champions. And I can do the same for YOU. Mail the coupon now! Address me personally: CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 330F, 115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.



CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 330F
115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.

I want proof that your system of "Dynamic Tension" will help make a new man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Name.....
(Please print or write plainly)

Address.....

City..... Zone No. State.....
(if any)

☐ Check here if under 16 for Booklet A

LIGHTER MOMENTS with fresh *Dated* Eveready Batteries

For a time, you had to take whatever flashlight batteries you could get!

But that time has passed. "Eveready" Flashlight Batteries are back. Ask for them at your dealer's.

That's good news indeed. Flashlight batteries may look alike on the outside, but that similarity is only skin-deep. There are important differences inside every "Eveready" Battery — differences that mean longer life!

Fresh
DATED BATTERIES
Last Longer
Look for the date line



EVEREADY

TRADE-MARK



"I'm afraid he isn't quite reconverted yet!"

The word "Eveready" is a registered trade-mark of National Carbon Company, Inc.